

LAY 7.  
ocks of  
of mud

# APPLETONS' JOURNAL

LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

No. 59.—VOL. III.]

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1870.

PRICE TEN CENTS.  
WITH SUPPLEMENT.



THE PARDON. From a Painting by L. PERRAULT

PAGE  
521  
521  
522  
  
523  
524  
524  
526  
527  
528  
531  
531  
n. 17

ub-  
ace

ES  
ly  
he

R-  
oe

n-  
d

## THE LADY OF THE ICE.\*

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB ABROAD,"  
"CORD AND CREESE," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—"OUR SYMPOSIUM," AS O'HALLORAN CALLED IT.—HIGH AND MIGHTY DISCOURSE.—GENERAL INSPECTION OF ANTIQUITY BY A LEARNED EYE.—A DISCOURSE UPON THE "OIONEEISOIZIN" OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—HOMERIC TRANSLATIONS.—O'HALLORAN AND BURNS.—A NEW EPOCH FOR THE BROGUE.—THE DINNER OF ACHILLES AND THE PALACE OF ANTINOUS.

The servants brought us the generous preparations for the evening—sugar, spoons, hot water, tumblers, and several other things.

O'Halloran began by expressing his gratitude, and saying that Nora could not speak on the subject. He hoped I would see, by that, why it was that she had not answered my questions. Whereupon I hastened to apologize for asking questions which so harshly reminded her of a terrible tragedy. Our mutual explanations were soon exhausted, and we turned to subjects in general.

As our symposium proceeded, O'Halloran grew more and more eloquent, more discursive, more learned, more enthusiastic. He didn't expect me to take any part in the conversation. He was only anxious that I should "take it hot," and keep my pipe and my tumbler well in hand. He was like Coleridge, and Johnson, and other great men who abhor dialogues, and know nothing but monologues.

On this occasion he monologued on the following subjects: The Darwinian hypothesis, the positive philosophy, Protestant missions, temperance societies, Fichte, Lessing, Hegel, Carlyle, mummies, the Apocalypse, Maimonides, John Scotus Erigena, the steam-engine of Hero, the Serapeum, the Dorian Emigration, and the Trojan War. This at last brought him on the subject of Homer.

He paused for a moment here.

"D'ye want to know," said he, "the thrue business of me loife, an' me sowl occupation?"

I bowed and gave a feeble smile. I thought of Fenian agencies and a dozen other things, and fancied that in this hour of confidence he would tell all. I had several times wondered why he lived in a place which he hated so, and had a vague idea that he was some kind of a secret emissary, though there was certainly not a single thing in his character which might warrant such a supposition.

"Me object," said O'Halloran, looking solemnly at me, "and the whole eem of me loife is the Oioneeisoizin of the language of the Saxon. He's thrust his language on us, an' my eem is to meek it our own, to illivate it—an' by one schtoopindous illustroetion to give it a pleece among the doilethary doilethies of the wuruld."

"Oioneeisoizin?" said I, slowly.

"Yis, Oioneeisoizin," said O'Halloran. "An' I'm going to do this by mains of a thranslection of Homer. For consider. Since Chapman no thranslection has been made. Pope and Cowper are contimplible. Darby is onraydable. Gladstone's attmpt on the fast buk, an' Mat Arnold's on the eem, an' Worsley's Spinsayrians are all feelures. Ye see, they think only of maythers, an' don't consider doilethies. Homer wrote in the Oionie doileth, an' shud be thranslated into the modern ayquivalint of that same."

"Oh, I see," said I, "but is there such an equivalent?"

"Yis," said he, solemnly. "Ye see, the Scotch doileth has been illivativid into a Doric by the janius of a Burruns; and so loikewise shall the Oirish be illivativid into an Oioneean doileth by the janius of O'Halloran."

"For Oirish is the natural an' conjayneal ripriseentitive of the ancient Oioneean. It's vowel-sounds, its diphthongs, its shuperabundance of leginds, all show this most plectly. So, too, if we apply this modern Oioneean to a thranslection of Homer, we see it has schtoopindous advantages. The Homeric neems, the ipithets, and the woild alterneetion of dacthyles an' spondees, may all be riprisinted boy a neetive and conjayneal mayther. Take for a spicimin *Barny O'Brallaghan*. 'Twas on a windy night about two o'clock in the mornin.' That is the neetive misure of the Oirish bards, an' is iminitly adapted to render the Homeric swinge. It consists of an Oiambic pinthimitir followed by a dacthylie thripody; an' in rhythm prouices the effects of the dacthylie hixamitir. Compeer wid this the ballad mayther, an'

the hayroic mayther, and the Spinsarian stanzas, of Worsley, an' Gladstone's Saxon throchaics, and Darby's dull blank verse, an' the litheral prose, an' Mat Arnold's attmpts at hixameters, an' Dain somebody's hindicasyllabics. They're one an' all ayqually contimplible. But in this neetive Oirish loine we have not only doialethic advantages, but also an ameezing number of others. It's the doiriet riprisintative of the Homiric loine, fust, in the number of fate; secindly, in the saysural pause; thirdly, in the capacetee for a dactylic an' spondaic inding, an' fowerthly, in the shuperabundance of sonorous ipithets and rowling syllabeefeeceetions. An' all this I can prove to ye by spicimins of me own thranslection."

With this he went to a Davenport at one end of the room, and brought out a pile of manuscript closely written. Then he seated himself again.

"I'll raid ye passages here an' there," said he. "The fust one is the reception of the imbassy by Achilles." Saying this, he took the manuscript and began to read the following in a very rich, broad brogue, which made me think that he cultivated this brogue of his purposely, and out of patriotic motives, from a desire to elevate his loved Irish dialect to an equality with the literary standard English:

"He spake. Pat Rokles heard, an' didn't dactloide for till do it,  
But tuk the mate-thray down, an' into the foyre he threw it:  
A shape's choline an' a goat's he throwed on top of the platter,  
An' was from a lovely pig, than which there wor nivr a fatter;  
Thase O'Tommedon tuk, O'Kelly devotid thim natly,  
He meed mince-mate av thim all, an' thim he splitid thim swately;  
To sich entoinen' fud they all extindid their arrume,  
Till fud and drink loikewise had lost their jaynlial charrums;  
Thim Ajax winked at Phaynix, O'Dishes take note of it gayly,  
An' powerin' out some woiner, he drunk till the health or O'Kelly."

After this he read the description of the palace of Antinous in the "Odyssey":

"For benches hoihts or brass aich wee was firramlee buildid,  
From the front dure till the back, an' a nate blue corrinis filled it;  
An' there was gowldin dures, that tasteec dome securin';  
An' silver posts loikewise that alid the breezin' dure in;  
An' lovely gowldin dogs the intrerance wee stud fast in,  
Thim same, H. Phaestus meed, which had a turrun for castin'.  
Widout that speecious hall there grew a gyardin, be Jakers!  
A fance purtict that seeme of fower (I think it is) acres."

I have but an indistinct recollection of the rest of the evening. If I was not sound asleep, I must have been in a semi-doze, retaining just sufficient consciousness to preserve the air of an absorbed listener. I had nothing but an innumerable multitude of visions, which assumed alternately the shape of Nora and of Marion. When at length I rose to go, O'Halloran begged me to stay longer. But, on looking at my watch, I found it was half-past three, and so suggested in a general way that perhaps I'd better be in bed. Whereupon he informed me that he would not be at home on the following evening, but wouldn't I come the evening after. I told him I'd be very happy. But suddenly I recollected an engagement. "Well, will you be at leisure on the next evening?" said he. I told him I would be, and so I left, with the intention of returning on the third evening from that time.

I got home and went to bed; and in my dreams I renewed the events of that evening. Not the latter part of it, but the former part. There, before me, floated the forms of Nora and of Marion, the one all smiles, the other all gloom—the one all jest and laughter, the other silent and sombre—the one casting at me the glowing light of her soft, innocent, laughing eyes; the other flinging at me from her dark, lustrous orbs glances that pierced my soul. I'm an impressible man. I own it. I can't help it. I was so made. I'm awfully susceptible. And so, 'pon my honor, for the life of me I couldn't tell which I admired most of these two fascinating, bewildering, lovely, bewitching, yet totally different beings. "Oh, Nora!" I cried—and immediately after, "Oh, Marion!"

CHAPTER XXI.—JACK ONCE MORE.—THE WOES OF A LOVER.—NOT WISELY BUT TOO MANY.—WHILE JACK IS TELLING HIS LITTLE STORY, THE ONES WHOM HE THUS ENTERTAINS HAVE A SEPARATE MEETING.—THE BURSTING OF THE STORM.—THE LETTER OF "NUMBER THREE."—THE WIDOW AND MISS PHILLIPS.—JACK HAS TO AVAIL HIMSELF OF THE AID OF A CHAPLAIN OF HER MAJESTY'S FORCES.—JACK AN INJURED MAN.

It was late on the following morning when I rose. I expected to see Jack bouncing in, but there were no signs of him. I went about

\* Enlarged, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by D. APPLETON & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

on my usual round, but he didn't turn up. I asked some of the other fellows, but none of them had seen him. I began to be anxious. Duns were abroad. Jack was in peril. The sheriff was near. There was no joke in it. Perhaps he was nabbed, or perhaps he was in hiding. The fact that no one had seen him was a very solemn and a very portentous one. I said nothing about my feelings, but, as the day wore on without bringing any sign of him, I began to be more anxious; and as the evening came I retired to my den, and there thoughts of Jack intermingled themselves with visions of Nora and Marion.

The hours of that evening passed very slowly. If I could have gone to O'Halloran's, I might have forgotten my anxiety; but, as I couldn't go to O'Halloran's, I could not get rid of my anxiety. What had become of him? Was he in limbo? Had he taken Louie's advice and fifted? Was he now gnashing his splendid set of teeth in drear confinement; or was he making a fool of himself, and an ass, by persisting in indulging in sentiment with Louie?

In the midst of these cogitations, eleven o'clock came, and a few moments after in bounced Jack himself.

I met him as the prodigal son was met by his father.

He was gloomy. There was a cloud on his broad, Jovian, hilarious, Olympian brow, with its clustering ambrosial locks.

"Jack, old fellow! You come like sunshine through a fog. I've been botherin' about you all day. Have you been nabbed? Are the duns abroad? Has the sheriff invited you to a friendly and very confidential conversation? You haven't been here for two days."

"Yes, I have," said Jack, "I was here last night, and waited till three, and then walked off to sleep on it. You're up to something yourself, old man, but look out. Take warning by me. Don't plunge in too deep. For my part, I haven't the heart to pursue the subject. I've got beyond the head-stone even. The river's the place for me. But, Macrorie, promise me one thing."

"Oh, of course—all right—go ahead."

"Well, if I jump into the river, don't let them drag for me. Let me calmly drift away, and be borne off into the Atlantic Ocean. I want oblivion. Hang head-stones! Let Anderson slide."

Saying this, Jack crammed some tobacco into his pipe, lighted it, flung himself into a chair, and began smoking most vigorously. I watched him for some time in silence. There was a dark cloud on his sunny brow; he looked woe-begone and dismal, and, though such expressions were altogether out of harmony with the style of his face, yet to a friendly eye they were sufficiently visible. I saw that something new had occurred. So I waited for a time, thinking that he would volunteer his confidence; but, as he did not, I thought I would ask for it.

"By Jove!" said I, at last. "Hang it, Jack, do you know, old man, you seem to be awfully cut up about something—hit hard—and all that sort of thing. What's up? Any thing new? Out with it—clean breast, and all that. 'Pon my life, I never saw you so cut up before. What is it?"

Jack took his pipe from his mouth, rubbed his forehead violently, stared at me for a few moments, and then slowly ejaculated:

"There's a beastly row—tremendous—no end—that's what there is."

"A row?"

"Yes—no end of a row."

"Who? What? Which of them?"

"All of them. Yesterday, and to-day, and to be continued to-morrow. Such is life. Sic transit, et cetera. Good Lord! Macrorie, what's a fellow to do but drown himself? Yes, my boy—oblivion! That's what I want. And I'll have it. This life isn't the thing for me. I was never made to be badgered. The chief end of man is for other things than getting snubbed by woman. And I'm not going to stand it. Here, close by, is a convenient river. I'll seek an acquaintance with its icy tide, rather than have another day like this."

"But I'm all in the dark. Tell what it is that has happened."

Jack inhaled a few more whiffs of the smoke that cheers but not inebriates, and then found voice to speak:

"You see it began yesterday. I started off at peace with the world, and went most dutifully to call on Miss Phillips. Well, I went in and found her as cool as an icicle. I didn't know what was up, and proceeded to do the injured innocent. Whereupon she turned upon me, and gave it to me then and there, hot and heavy. I didn't think it was in her. I really didn't—by Jove! The way she gave it to me," and Jack paused in wonder.

"What about?" said I.

"The widow!" groaned Jack.

"The widow?" I repeated.

"Yes—the widow."

"But how did she hear about it so soon?"

"Oh, easy enough. It's all over town now, you know. Her friends here heard of it, and some were incredulous, and others were indignant. At any rate, both classes rushed with delightful unanimity to inform her, so you may imagine the state of mind I found her in."

"You can easily imagine what she said. I don't think much of your imagination, Macrorie, but in this case it don't require a very vivid one. The worst of it is, she was quite right to feel indignant. The only thing about it all that gave me the smallest relief, was the fact that she didn't do the pathetic. She didn't shed a tear. She simply questioned me. She was as stiff as a ramrod, and as cold as a stone. There was no mercy in her, and no consideration for a fellow's feelings. She succeeded in making out that I was the most contemptible fellow living."

"And what did you say?"

"Say? What could I say? She forced me to own up about the widow. Hang it, you know I can't lie. So, after trying to dodge her questions, I answered them. She wouldn't let me dodge them. But there was one thing left. I swore to her, by all that was true, that I didn't care a fig for the widow, that my engagement with her arose altogether through a mistake. She pressed me hard on this, and I had to tell this too."

"What? Look here, Jack—you didn't drag in Louie into your confounded scrape?"

"Do you think I'm such a villain as that?" said Jack, indignantly.

"No—of course I didn't. Louie—I'd die first. No. I told her some story about my mistaking her for a friend, whose name I didn't mention. I told her that I took the widow's hand by mistake—just in fun, you know—thinking it was my friend, and all that; and before I knew it the widow had nabbed me."

"Well?"

"Well, she didn't condescend to ask the name of my friend. She thought the widow was enough at a time, I suppose, and so she asked me about the state of my feelings toward her. And here I expressed myself frankly. I told her that my only desire was to get out of her clutches—that it was all a mistake, and that I was in an infernal scrape, and didn't know how to get out of it."

"Such strong language as this mollified her a little, and she began to believe me. Yet she did not soften altogether. At last, I pitched into the widow hot and heavy. This restored her to her usual self. She forgave me altogether. She even said that she was sorry for me. She hinted, too, that if she ever saw the widow, she'd have it out with her."

"Heaven forbid!" said I. "Keep them apart, Jack, if you can."

Jack groaned.

"So it's all right, is it? I congratulate you—as far as it's worth congratulation, you know. So you got out of it, did you? A 'full, fresh, frank, free, formal, ample, exhaustive, and perfectly satisfactory explanation,' hey? That's the style of thing, is it?"

Jack gnashed his teeth.

"Come, now—old boy—no chaff. I'm beyond that. Can't stand it. Fact is, you haven't heard the whole story yet, and I don't feel like telling the rest of it, if you interrupt a fellow with your confounded humbug."

"Go ahead—don't fear, Jack—I won't chaff."

Jack drew a long breath.

"Well, then—I took her out for a drive. We had a very good time, though both of us were a little preoccupied, and I thought she had altered awfully from what she used to be; and then, you know, after leaving her, I went to see the widow."

"You didn't tell her where you were going, of course?"

"No," said Jack, with a sigh. "Well, you see, I went to the widow, and I found that she had heard about my calling on Miss Phillips, and driving out with her for a couple of hours, and I don't know what else. She was calm, and quiet, and cool, and simply wanted to know what it all meant. Well, do you know that sort of coolness is the very thing that I can't stand. If she'd raved at me, or scolded, or been passionate, or gone on in any kind of a way, I could have dealt with her; but with a person like that, who is so calm, and cool, and quiet, I haven't the faintest idea how to act."



"I mumbled something or other about 'old friendship'—a stranger in a strange land"—horrid rot—what an ass she must have thought me!—but that's the way it was. She didn't say any thing. She began to talk about something else in a conventional way—the weather, I think. I couldn't do any thing. I made a vague attempt at friendly remonstrance with her about her coolness; but she didn't notice it. She went on talking about the weather. She was convinced that it would snow. I, for my part, was convinced that there was going to be a storm—a hurricane—a tornado—any thing. But she only smiled at my vehemence, and finally I left, with a general idea that there was thunder in the air.

"Well, you know, I then went off to see Louie. But I didn't get any satisfaction there. The other girls were present, and the aunt. There wasn't any whist, and so I had to do the agreeable to the whole party. I waited until late, in the hope that some chance might turn up of a private chat with Louie, but none came. So at last I came home, feeling a general disgust with the world and the things of the world."

"Rather hard, that," said I, as Jack relapsed into moody silence.

"Hard?" said he; "that was yesterday, but it was nothing to what I met with to-day."

"To-day?—why, what's up worse than that?"

"Every thing. But I'll go on and make a clean breast of it. Only don't laugh at me, Macrorie, or I'll cut."

"Laugh? Do I ever laugh?"

Jack took a few more puffs, and relieved his sorrow-laden breast by several preliminary and preparatory sighs, after which he proceeded:

"To-day," he began, "I got up late. I felt heavy. I anticipated a general row. I dressed. I breakfasted, and, just as I was finishing, the row began. A letter was brought in from the post-office. It was from Number Three."

"Number Three?" I cried.

"Number Three," repeated Jack. "As if it wasn't bad enough already, she must come forward to add herself to those who were already crushing me to the earth, and driving me mad. It seemed hard, by Jove! I tell you what it is, old chap, nobody's so remorseless as a woman. Even my duns have been more merciful to me than these friends whom I love. It's too bad, by Jove, it is!"

"Well, Number Three's letter was simply tremendous. She had heard every thing. I've already told you that she keeps the run of me pretty well, though how she manages it I can't imagine—and now it seems she heard, on the same day, of my engagement to the widow, and of the arrival of Miss Phillips, to whom I was also engaged. This news seemed to drive her wild with indignation. She mentioned these

facts to me, and ordered me to deny them at once. She declared that it was impossible for any gentleman to act so dishonorably, and said that nothing but the character of her informant could lead her to ask me to deny such foul slanders.

"That's the way she put it. That's the style of thing she flung at me when I was already on my back. That's Number Three for you! And the worst of it is, I don't know what to say in reply. I tell you what it is now, Macrorie, that was a pretty tough beginning for the day. I felt it, and I left my room with a dark presentiment in my mind, and the same general idea of a brooding thunder-storm, which I had experienced the evening before.

"Then I went to see Miss Phillips, and this was my frame of mind.

I found her calm, cold, and stiff as an iceberg. Not a single kind word. No consideration for a fellow at all. I implored her to tell me what was the matter. She didn't rail at me; she didn't reproach me; but proceeded in the same cruel, inconsiderate, iceberg fashion, to tell me what the matter was. And I tell you, old boy, the long and the short of it was, there was the very mischief to pay, and the last place in Quebec that I ought to have entered was that particular place. But then, how did I know? Besides, I wanted to see her."

"What was it?" I asked, seeing Jack hesitate.

"What! Why, who do you think had been there? The widow herself! She had come to call on Miss Phillips, and came with a fixed design on me. In a few moments she managed to introduce my name. Trotting me out in that fashion doesn't strike me as being altogether fair, but she did it. Mrs. Llewelopen, who is Miss Phillips's aunt, took her up rather warmly, and informed her that I was engaged to Miss Phillips. The widow smiled, and said I was a sad man, for I had told her, when I engaged myself to her, that my affair with Miss



"He sprang up to his feet as though he had been shot. 'What!' he cried, in a loud voice."

Phillips was all broken off, and had repeated the same thing two evenings before. She also informed them that I visited her every day, and was most devoted. To all this Miss Phillips had to listen, and could not say one word. She had sense enough, however, to decline any altercation with the widow, and reserve her remarks for me. And now, old boy, you see what I caught on entering the presence of Miss Phillips. She did not weep; she did not sigh; she did not reproach; she did not cry—she simply questioned me, standing before me cold and icy, and flinging her bitter questions at me. The widow had said this and that. The widow had repeated such and such words of mine. The widow had also subjected her to bitter shame and mortification. And what had I to say? She was too much of a lady to denounce or



to scold, and too high-hearted even to taunt me; too proud, too lofty, to deign to show that she felt the cut; she only questioned me; she only asked me to explain such and such things. Well, I tried to explain, and gave a full and frank account of every thing, and, as far as the widow was concerned, I was perfectly truthful. I declared again that it was all a mistake, and that I'd give any thing to get rid of her. This was all perfectly true, but it wasn't by any means satisfactory to Miss Phillips. She's awfully high-strung, you know. She couldn't overlook the fact that I had given the widow to understand that it was all broken off with us. I had never said so, but I had let the widow think so, and that was enough.

"Well, you know, I got huffy at last, and said she didn't make allowances for a fellow, and all that. I told her that I was awfully careless, and was always getting into confounded scrapes, but that it would all turn out right in the end, and some day she'd understand it all. Finally, I felt so confoundedly mean, and so exactly like some infernal whipped cur, that I then and there asked her to take me, on the spot, as I was, and fulfil her vow to me. I swore that the widow was nothing to me, and wished she was in Jericho. At this she smiled slightly, and said that I didn't know what I was saying, and, in fact, declined my self-sacrificing offer. So there I was—and I'll be hanged, Macrorie, isn't it odd?—there's the third person that's refused to marry me off-hand! I vow I did what I could. I offered to marry her at once, and she declined just as the others did. With that I turned the tables on her, reproached her for her coldness, told her that I had given her the highest possible mark of my regard, and bade her adieu. We shook hands. Hers was very languid, and she looked at me quite indifferently. I told her that she'd feel differently to-morrow, and she said perhaps she might. And so I left her.

"Well, then, I had the widow to visit, but the letter and the affair with Miss Phillips had worn out my resources. In any ordinary case, the widow was too many guns for me, but, in a case like this, she was formidable beyond all description. So I hunted up the chaplain, and made him go with me. He's a good fellow, and is acquainted with her a little, and I knew that she liked him. So we went off there together. Well, do you know, Macrorie, I believe that woman saw through the whole thing, and knew why the chaplain had come as well as I did. She greeted me civilly, but rather shortly; and there was a half-smile on her mouth, confound it! She's an awfully pretty woman, too! We were there for a couple of hours. She made us dine—that is to say, I expected to dine as a matter of course, and she invited the chaplain. So we stayed, and I think for two hours I did not exchange a dozen words with her. She directed her conversation almost exclusively to the chaplain. I began to feel jealous at last, and tried to get her attention, but it was no go. I'm rather dull, you know—good-natured, and all that, but not clever—while the chaplain is one of the cleverest men going; and the widow's awfully clever, too. They got beyond me in no time. They were talking all sorts of stuff about Gregorian chants, ecclesiastic symbolism, medieval hymns, the Lion of St. Mark, chausable, alb, and all that sort of thing, you know, no end, and I sat like a log listening, just the same as though they spoke Chinese, while the widow took no more notice of me than if I'd been a Chinaman. And she kept up that till we left. And that was her way of paying me off. And the chaplain thought she was an awfully clever woman, and admired her—no end. And I felt as jealous as Othello.

"Then I hurried off to Louie. But luck was against me. There was a lot of fellows there, and I didn't get a chance. I only got a pleasant greeting and a bright look, that was all. I was longing to get her into a corner, and have a little comfort, and a little good advice. But I couldn't. Misfortunes never come singly. To-day every thing has been blacker than midnight. Number Three, Miss Phillips, and the widow, are all turning against a fellow. I think it's infernally hard. I feel Miss Phillips's treatment worst. She had no business to come here at all when I thought she was safe in New Brunswick. I dare say I could have wriggled through, but she came and precipitated the catastrophe, as the saying is. Then, again, why didn't she take me when I offered myself? And, for that matter, why didn't Number Three take me that other time when I was ready, and asked her to fly with me? I'll be hanged if I don't think I've had an abominably hard time of it! And now I'm fairly cornered, and you must see plainly why I'm thinking of the river. If I take to it, they'll all mourn, and Louie'll shed a tear over me, I know; whereas, if I don't, they'll

all pitch into me, and Louie'll only laugh. Look here, old boy, I'll give up women forever."

"What! And Louie, too?"

"Oh, that's a different thing altogether," said Jack; and he subsided into a deep fit of melancholy musing.

CHAPTER XXII.—I REVEAL MY SECRET.—TREMENDOUS EFFECTS OF THE REVELATION.—MUTUAL EXPLANATIONS, WHICH ARE BY NO MEANS SATISFACTORY.—JACK STANDS UP FOR WHAT HE CALLS HIS RIGHTS.—REMONSTRANCES AND REASONINGS, ENDING IN A GENERAL ROW.—JACK MAKES A DECLARATION OF WAR, AND TAKES HIS DEPARTURE IN A STATE OF UNPARALLELED HUFFINESS.

I COULD hold out no longer. I had preserved my secret jealously for two entire days, and my greater secret had been seething in my brain, and all that, for a day. Jack had given me his entire confidence. Why shouldn't I give him mine? I longed to tell him all. I had told him of my adventure, and why should I not tell of its happy termination? Jack, too, was fairly and thoroughly in the dumps, and it would be a positive boon to him if I could lead his thoughts away from his own sorrows to my very peculiar adventures.

"Jack," said I, at last, "I've something to tell you."

"Go ahead," cried Jack, from the further end of his pipe.

"It's about the Lady of the Ice," said I.

"Is it?" said Jack, dolefully.

"Yes; would you like to hear about it?"

"Oh, yes, of course," said Jack, in the same tone.

Whereupon I began with the evening of the concert, and told him all about the old man, and my rush to the rescue. I gave a very animated description of the scene, but, finding that Jack did not evince any particular interest, I cut it all short.

"Well," said I, "I won't bore you. I'll merely state the leading facts. I got the old fellow out. He took my arm, and insisted on my going home with him. I went home, and found there the Lady of the Ice."

"Odd, too," said Jack, languidly, puffing out a long stream of smoke; "don't see how you recognized her—thought you didn't remember, and all that. So you've found her at last, have you? Well, my dear fellow, 'low me to congratulate you. Deuced queer, too. By-the-way, what did you say her name was?"

"I didn't mention her name," said I.

"Ah, I see; a secret?"

"Oh, no. I didn't suppose you'd care about knowing."

"Bosh! Course I'd care. What was it, old boy? Tell a fellow. I'll keep dark—you know me."

"Her name," said I, "is Miss O'Halloran."

No sooner had I uttered that name, than an instantaneous and most astonishing change came over the whole face, the whole air, the whole manner, the whole expression, and the whole attitude, of Jack Randolph. He sprang up to his feet, as though he had been shot, and the pipe fell from his hands on the floor, where it lay smashed.

"WHAT!!!" he cried, in a loud voice.

"Look here," said I—"what may be the meaning of all that? What's the row now?"

"What name did you say?" he repeated.

"Miss O'Halloran," said I.

"O'Halloran?" said he—"are you sure?"

"Of course, I'm sure. How can I be mistaken?"

"And her father—what sort of a man is he?"

"A fine old fellow," said I—"full of fun, well informed, convivial, age about sixty, well preserved, splendid face—"

"Is—he an Irishman?" asked Jack, with deep emotion.

"Yes."

"Does—does he live in—in Queen Street?" asked Jack, with a gasp.

"The very street," said I.

"Number seven hundred and ninety-nine?"

"The very number. But see here, old chap, how the mischief do you happen to know so exactly all about that house? It strikes me as being deuced odd."

"And you saved her?" said Jack, without taking any notice of my question.

"Haven't I just told you so? Oh, bother! What's the use of all this fuss?"

"Miss O'Halloran?" said Jack.

"Miss O'Halloran," I repeated. "But will you allow me to ask what in the name of common-sense is the matter with you? Is there a bee in your bonnet, man? What's Miss O'Halloran to you, or you to Miss O'Halloran? Haven't you got enough women on your conscience already? Do you mean to drag her in? Don't try it, my boy—for I'm concerned there."

"Miss O'Halloran!" cried Jack. "Look here, Macrorie—you'd better take care."

"Take care?"

"Yes. Don't you go humbugging about there."

"I don't know what you're up to, dear boy. What's your little joke?"

"There's no joke at all about it," said Jack, harshly. "Do you know who Miss O'Halloran is?"

"Well, I know that she's the daughter of Mr. O'Halloran, and that he's a fine old fellow. Any further information, however, I shall be delighted to receive. You talk as though you knew something about her. What is it? But don't slander. Not a word against her. That I won't stand."

"Slander! A word against her!" cried Jack. "Macrorie, you don't know who she is, or what she is to me. Macrorie, this Miss O'Halloran is that lady that we have been calling 'Number Three.'"

It was now my turn to be confounded. I, too, started to my feet, and not only my pipe, but my tumbler also, fell crashing on the floor.

"The devil she is!" I cried.

"She is—I swear she is—as true as I'm alive."

At this moment I had more need of a good, long, low whistle than ever I had in my life before. But I didn't whistle. Even a whistle was useless here to express the emotions that I felt at Jack's revelation. I stood and stared at him in silence. But I didn't see him. Other visions came before my mind's eye, Horatio, which shut out Jack from my view. I was again in that delightful parlor; again Nora's form was near—her laughing face, her speaking eyes, her expression—now genial and sympathetic, now confused and embarrassed. There was her round, rosy, smiling face, and near it the sombre face of Marion, with her dark, penetrating eyes. And this winning face, this laughter-loving Venus—this was the one about whom Jack raved as his Number Three. This was the one whom he asked to run off with him. She! She run off, and with him! The idea was simple insanity. She had written him a letter—had she?—and it was a scorcher, according to his own confession. She had found him out, and thrown him over. Was not I far more to her than a fellow like Jack—I who had saved her from a hideous death? There could be no question about that. Was not her bright, beaming smile of farewell still lingering in my memory? And Jack had the audacity to think of her yet!

"Number Three," said I—"well, that's odd. At any rate, there's one of your troubles cut off."

"Cut off?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this, that Number Three won't bother you again."

Jack stood looking at me for some time in silence, with a dark frown on his brow.

"Look here, Macrorie," said he; "you force me to gather from your words what I am very unwilling to learn."

"What!" said I. "Is it that I admire Miss O'Halloran? Is that it? Come, now; speak plainly, Jack. Don't stand in the sulks. What is it that you want to say? I confess that I'm as much amazed as you are at finding that my Lady of the Ice is the same as your 'Number Three.' But such is the case; and now what are you going to do about it?"

"First of all," said Jack, coldly, "I want to know what you are proposing to do about it."

"I?" said I. "Why, my intention is, if possible, to try to win from Miss O'Halloran a return of that feeling which I entertain toward her."

"So that's your little game—is it?" said Jack, savagely.

"Yes," said I, quietly; "that's exactly my little game. And may I ask what objection you have to it, or on what possible right you can ground any conceivable objection?"

"Right?" said Jack—"every right that a man of honor should respect."

"Right?" cried I. "Right?"

"Yes, right. You know very well that she's mine."

"Yours! Yours!" I cried. "Yours! You call her 'Number Three.' That very name of itself is enough to shut your mouth forever. What! Do you come seriously to claim any rights over a girl, when by your own confession there are no less than two others to whom you have offered yourself? Do you mean to look me in the face, after what you yourself have told me, and say that you consider that you have any claims on Miss O'Halloran?"

"Yes, I do!" cried Jack. "I do, by Jove! Look here, Macrorie. I've given you my confidence. I've told you all about my affair with her. You know that only a day or two ago I was expecting her to clope with me—"

"Yes, and hoping that she wouldn't," I interrupted.

"I was not. I was angry when she refused, and I've felt hard about it ever since. But she's mine all the same, and you know it."

"Yours? And so is Miss Phillips yours," I cried, "and so is Mrs. Finimore; and I swear I believe that, if I were to be sweet on Louie, you'd consider yourself injured. Hang it, man! What are you up to? What do you mean? At this rate, you'll claim every woman in Quebec. Where do you intend to draw the line? Would you be content if I were sweet on Miss Phillips? Wouldn't you be jealous if I were to visit the widow? And what would you say if I were seized with a consuming passion for Louie? Come, Jack—don't row; don't be quite insane. Sit down again, and take another pipe, and let's drop the subject."

"I won't drop the subject," growled Jack. "You needn't try to argue yourself out of it. You know very well that I got her first."

"Why, man, at this rate, you might get every woman in America. You seem to think that this is Utah."

"Come, no humbug, Macrorie. You know very well what I am to that girl."

"You! you!" I cried. "Why, you have told me already that she has found you out. Hang it, man! If it comes to that, what are you in her eyes compared with me? You've been steadily humbugging her ever since you first knew her, and she's found it out. But I come to her as the companion of the darkest hour of her life, as the one who saved her from death. You—good Lord!—do you pretend to put yourself in comparison with me? You, with your other affairs, and your conscious falsity to her, with me! Why, but for me, she would by this time be drifting down the river, and lying stark and dead on the beach of Anticosti. That is what I have done for her. And what have you done? I might have laughed over the joke of it before I knew her; but now, since I know her, and love her, when you force me to say what you have done, I declare to you that you have wronged her, and cheated her, and humbugged her, and she knows it, and you know it, and I know it. These things may be all very well for a lark; but, when you pretend to make a serious matter of them, they look ugly. Confound it! have you lost your senses?"

"You'll see whether I've lost my senses or not," said Jack, fiercely.

"You've got trouble enough on your shoulders, Jack," said I. "Don't get into any more. You actually have the face to claim no less than three women. Yes, four. I must count Louie, also. If this question were about Louie, wouldn't you be just as fierce?"

Jack did not answer.

"Wouldn't you? Wouldn't you say that I had violated your confidence? Wouldn't you declare that it was a wrong to yourself, and a bitter injury? If I had saved Louie's life, and then suddenly fallen in love with her, wouldn't you have warned me off in the same way? You know you would. But will you listen to reason? You can't have them all. You must choose one of them. Take Miss Phillips, and be true to your first vow. Take the widow, and be rich. Take Louie, and be happy. There you have it. There are three for you. As for Miss O'Halloran, she has passed away from you forever. I have snatched her from death, and she is mine forever."

"She shall never be yours!" cried Jack, furiously.

"She shall be mine!" cried I, in wrathful tones.

"Never! never!" cried Jack. "She's mine, and she shall be mine."

"Damn it, man! are you crazy? How many wives do you propose to have?"

"She shall be mine!" cried Jack. "She, and no other. I give up all others. They may all go and be hanged. She, and she alone, shall be mine."

Saying this, he strode toward the door, opened it, passed through, and banged it behind him. I heard his heavy footsteps as he went off, and I stood glaring after him, all my soul on fire with indignation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

### CHAPTER LI.—A PERIOD OF DISTRESS AND DANGER, OF WHICH MISS ROWLEY IS THE HEROINE.

We left the "proud widow," as Mrs. Dunlop called her, impatient to take possession of a mansion no longer hers, and resume the management of a property of which she was the mistress no more. The generous Arnaud lay in the agonies of the fever into which his forecast of the events related in the last chapter had thrown him; and the devoted Susan was passing wretched days and sleepless nights, tortured with the thought that conventional ideas of propriety, even more than a few hundred yards of fitful sea, severed her from the place to which love and duty summoned her.

Not yet had either of the signals from the hut called for help; but the lookout from the cliffs was kept with unremitting vigilance, though the weather had grown wild, and the daily and nightly watch had become a severe trial. Not even after the sun went down in the lurid west could Susan bring herself to trust implicitly any eyes but her own. Twice already had she stolen out of her chamber, and, wrapped in her plaid, bidden defiance to the whistling winds and drizzling rain. During those nights she never undressed, and she always carried a little bundle with her, like one who meditated a hurried flight on some unexpected emergency. A third time she crept forth thus prepared, on a rougher night than there had been yet. On the summit of the rocks she could hardly hold her mantle round her, the breeze which there met her was so strong. This time she did not proceed quite as far as the watchman's post, partly unwilling to seem distrustful of his fidelity, which in truth she had no reason to doubt, partly owing to the stress of the wind. But it was unnecessary to go to the highest point to see that beyond the narrow channel the gloom was unbroken, save where a setting star twinkled through an occasional rift in the ragged clouds. After a single protracted gaze at the well-known spot—which she wanted no compass to indicate—she turned to retrace her steps, but had scarcely gone down a dozen yards when the eastern sky suddenly reflected a ruddy gleam. In an instant she was on the brow again. The torch was blazing on the island, and she met the watchman running to announce it. If he was startled to see her abroad on such a night, he was still more astonished to hear what her resolution was.

"Tell me true, Pollard," she said, in a tone at once of command and adjuration, "is it possible to cross the channel in safety?"

"Possible it is," Miss Rowley; "but difficult and dangerous in such weather."

"Are the men at the boat to be relied on?"

"If any two men can do it, they will. They would give their lives for Mr. Arnaud."

"Then do you fly with your utmost speed to Mr. Buchan's, and don't return without him."

"And you, miss?"

"Never mind me, but fly. The boat will be back before you return."

Until now Pollard thought she had been only thinking of the safety of the passage for the doctor; he now saw what her purpose was, and was about to dissuade her earnestly from it; but she gave him no time. She was already springing down the declivity to the beach.

The boatmen, too, remonstrated in vain. The venture, they said, was too great; and for a moment they hesitated to make it.

"To any other men," she said, "I would offer a large reward, but I know you too well. Trust in God, and only think of Mr. Arnaud."

She leaped in; and the hardy fellows, inspired by her courage, and braver for her example, prepared to put forth all the strength and skill for which the Cornishmen are renowned on their native element. The wind blew hard, the boat was fearfully tossed; and even an oil-skin cloak, in which the men covered her up, protected the gallant girl very imperfectly from the dash of the waves. It was indeed a service of difficulty and peril, as she had been warned; but the possibility was proved by success. She spoke but once during the passage, to cheer the men by showing how dauntless she was herself.

"I am a Cornishwoman," she said, "though neither a Pol nor a Pen, and don't mind a splash of salt-water."

The woman in charge of Arnaud, not expecting reinforcement for a considerable time after giving the signal for it, was amazed when Miss Rowley entered the hut, and took her at first for one of the islanders who came occasionally to make inquiries, but seldom advanced beyond the door, having been admonished that the fever was infectious.

It was not until Susan threw off her cloak that Mrs. Pollard (for she was the coast-guard's aunt) recognized her, only to be at first more bewildered than comforted by success so undreamed of.

"Oh, Miss Rowley, what has possessed you to come here?" she cried, standing between her and the bed, as if to repel her from it. "It was only for Mr. Buchan that I showed the light."

"He is coming," murmured Susan; "what change has taken place? is it very serious?"

The change was only one that had been foreseen; the patient had begun to rave and talk madly. Mr. Buchan had ordered the woman, when this alteration took place, to apprise him of it.

The poor girl had soon painful proof that the fever had entered this stage so appalling to witness. The light in the hut was so feeble that the bed could only be very dimly seen, or the sufferer tossing and gasping on it, but his moaning and wild inarticulate utterances were audible only too distinctly, except when they mingled with the howl of the wind in the chimney, or round the walls and against the windows of the hut.

The door stood open to admit as much air as possible when the wind happened not to blow right in; and Susan sat down on a stool near it—her head resting on her folded hands—looking out into the darkness, and waiting.

It is doubtful whether the doctor, not being a Cornishman, though a better sailor than the curate, would have trusted himself to the deep that night had it not been that Miss Rowley had gone before him, and made it a point of honor and manhood not to show himself less daring.

However, he arrived within two hours after Susan, and stayed until morning at her request; for having never before seen a case of fever—or, at least, the delirious stage of it—it was not easy to satisfy her that it did not necessarily involve the last degree of danger.

While Mr. Buchan remained, she retired into the new compartment of the hut which had recently been added, and threw herself down on a mattress that had been placed there for Mrs. Pollard. Even there the groans from the adjoining room penetrated, only mixed with other sounds besides those of the elements, and for which the doctor was probably responsible.

He went when the day broke; and, as the weather had moderated, promised to return at nightfall. If then the delirium had ceased, and a calm sleep ensued, he assured Miss Rowley that the worst would be over, and the recovery be rapid. She then insisted on Mrs. Pollard taking some repose, and took her place alone by Arnaud's side, having little indeed to do but smooth his pillow, and occasionally moisten his parched lips.

Still he raved and tossed from side to side, and sometimes started up and stared wildly about him, with eyes in which there was no recognition. Inarticulate as his voice for the most part was, now and then words escaped him, from which Susan soon began to gather something of the thoughts that tortured his seething brain. There was evidently a secret of which he sometimes seemed to dread the discovery, sometimes seemed to speak of as already discovered. It was then his moans were most piteous, and his contortions most dreadful to witness. She heard the words "sister"—"robbery"—"Evelyn"—"never, never"—with many other disjointed fragments of sentences, shattered, as it were, in the attempt to utter them. Again and again they were repeated, until at length she began to connect the broken links into a chain, and to frame a general notion of the direction in which his mind wandered. There existed papers of terrible significance, there was a truth that must never be known—now the mountains buried it—now it was torn out of the bowels of the earth by the hands of villains or fiends; he was their accomplice; no, he was not, and never would be. She listened and combined, until every agonizing thought of the disordered brain passed into her own. It is possible that in the ferment of the fever some long-lost impressions of his childhood tumbled out of the dark cell where they had been imprisoned for twenty years: for he even spoke of the case which held the papers as if it lay on the bed before him, begrimed with rust, as we have seen it in Alexander's hand. So vivid was the imagination, that he started up and grasped at the unreality, and evidently fancied that he flung it from him, probably into the ocean; for he laughed wildly, and fell back exhausted on his pillow. This was the strongest convulsion he had; from this moment his raving was at longer intervals, and his words less incoherent.

Mr. Buchan found the patient on his return in the long and quiet sleep he had predicted. The fever was passing rapidly away. The usual precautions against excitement of any kind were all that was now required. Mrs. Pollard was charged on no account to acquaint the patient with the fact that Miss Rowley had been in the hut; and she, as no more remained for tenderness to do, returned with the doctor, to rejoin her affectionate friend Dorothy, whom she had left so abruptly.

When she entered, and was prepared to throw herself into Miss Cosie's arms, it was those of her mother that received her. Mrs. Rowley was too little the slave of conventionalities herself to blame her daughter for having disdained subjection to them in an emergency of the kind. On the contrary, Susan heard nothing from her lips but words of tenderness and the warmest approval of her heroic conduct; nor, it may be supposed, was any formal avowal of her attachment to Arnaud any longer necessary. The tears, however, with which such



confessions are wont to be made were not wanting, and they fell from Susan's eyes in a profusion which Mrs. Rowley thought beyond what an unopposed passion called for.

The days that elapsed while Arnaud slowly regained his strength were passed by Susan in a state of depression which neither her mother nor her sister could understand. She grew pale at every allusion to Alexander's journey and expected return; and she had another cause of anxiety which it was no less impossible to reveal—the dread that haunted her lest Arnaud should resume his idea of flight from England, even before his health was reestablished—and that she should never see him more.

Two incommunicable troubles amounted to agony. Hitherto the two girls had vied with one another in anxiety to see their mother settled at last, after all she had endured; and now it seemed as if it gladdened only Fanny to behold how fully Mrs. Rowley appreciated all their exertions; and to witness the satisfaction, and something more, with which she sat down at the head of the table in a stately residence of her own. But Fanny did not see the shadow Susan saw creeping over Oakham, or feel, as her sister did, as if the very rock on which the house stood trembled under her feet.

It was not without cause that Miss Rowley apprehended the return to Arnaud's thoughts, as he resumed his strength, of the purpose he had darkly hinted on the day of the volunteer meeting; and he would probably have executed it without the privy of a human being, if Mrs. Pollard, with the proverbial garrulity of a nurse, had not let out the secret she had been strictly enjoined to keep.

Such a communication might easily have had a bad effect, and it affected Arnaud powerfully; but had no other influence on his plans except to make him feel that it would be a bad return for Susan's devotion to carry them out without at least seeing her once more. The next time, therefore, he saw Mr. Buchan, he charged him with a cheerful message to Miss Rowley, inviting her to come and witness his recovery with her own eyes.

"Alone?" said Mr. Buchan.

"Alone," said Arnaud, "but not by night, or in a hurricane. Let it be to-morrow, if the fair weather continues, as it promises to do."

It was now Arnaud's turn to watch, but it was in the sunshine—from the same heathery couch where he had once received Mrs. Upjohn—that he watched for Susan's embarkation, while inhaling the breeze, to whose purity and freshness he was indebted for the speed of his recovery. The breeze blew softly from the land, and a sail on this occasion spared the muscles of the boatmen. It came—gracefully sweeping through the bright water—and made no more of the passage than if it had been a swan only crossing the Thames.

Of such interviews as these the tenderest part is over before they are well begun, or a syllable is breathed on either side; but, in truth, never did a pair so attached meet so little for the ordinary exchange of sentiment as they did. His object was to return her tried affection with the amplest confidence, hers to show that she was as capable as he was of taking the boldest resolution.

Almost his first words opened the subject uppermost in both their minds.

"Your dear mother is returned," he said, having learned the fact from Mr. Buchan.

"Yes; and she is so happy at your recovery, and to find herself at last in what she calls her castle."

"Not again to be disturbed," said Arnaud, with solemn emphasis.

"No, Arnaud, please God," said Susan, in the same earnest tone.

He took her hand again in his, and added—

"Tell me, Susan, what would you say of the man who should disturb or seek to dispossess her—would he not be as wicked as Mrs. Upjohn?"

"He would be very unlike you, dear Arnaud," said Susan, her eyes looking into his with profound meaning.

"Unlike me! why do you think of me?"

Susan could refrain no more. "Arnaud," she cried; "dear Arnaud! I know all."

He had already suspected this, knowing how she had been at his side at a period when language is not used to conceal the secrets of the soul.

He pressed her hand to his lips in silence; her hot tears fell on it. "You do not blame me," she murmured; "it was not with intention I learned your secret; but now that it is mine as well as yours, there is another which we must also share. I mean what you intend, should your fears be realized, and what is now known by ourselves alone be published to all the world."

"They are realized, my Susan; it is published already. I saw it in my fever; I see it as plain in my restored health. What other intention can I have but to fly? To remain is to have what the law calls my rights forced on me—in other words, to rob my sister and your mother. To fly, then, is the only thing left for me to do."

"For us, Arnaud, ought you not to say?"

"For us, as far as resolving," he answered, with mournful firmness; "for me alone in the doing. This resolution of mine has been long pondered."

"I too have a resolution," she said, grasping his hand, and in a tone as decided.

"I would bid you resolve to forget me, Susan, but that I should bid in vain."

"Not more in vain, Arnaud, I call God to witness, than to forbid me to follow you: where thou goest, I will go; where thou dwellest, I will dwell. My purpose is not so old as yours, but it is as immovable."

"Oh, Susan, if I were only to listen to the voice of the love I bear you, how joyfully would I hear those sweet words—as joyfully as I hear them with pain—knowing that they are as extravagant as they are sweet. I tell you, girl—I tell you—the path of my future life—be it flowery or thorny—must be trodden alone."

"No; as sure as there is a heaven above us."

"Susan, you do not think what it is you ask. Shall I resolve not to rob your mother of an estate, and at the same time deprive her of a daughter without a scruple—and your sister of a sister too?"

"Arnaud, have I seconded your resolution for this? Will you force me to see only what there is in it to be disapproved?"

"Disapproved!—by you!"

"Even by me, since you seek to move me from my purpose by vain reasoning. Might I not justly ask you whether, in the very sacrifice you meditate, you are not attaching undue weight to the things of this world? Reckless of wealth yourself—nobly reckless, do you not over-prize it when you think of Mrs. Rowley, and persuade yourself that in her eyes it weighs more than sisterly love? Do you not forget a little that she too is noble-minded—that she too is capable of sacrifices? Has she not proved it?"

"Hold there, fair reasoner," interrupted Arnaud; "is it not those very sacrifices of hers that make mine a duty, as you own yourself? And do I forget her affection in resolving to spare her the pang of losing you?"

"But it will not be losing me to know that I shall be yours."

"Mine; but in what trials, amid what hardships, through what vicissitudes of which you dream not."

"None that I shall not go through with courage—going through them with you. Have you not taught me yourself that the path of duty is the path of pleasure—the only pleasure worth the name? Have I not learned from your sister the same lesson? She would be the first to upbraid me, were I to approve your resolution, and abandon you in the moment of execution? Oh, Arnaud, if you will have reason, I will reason with you. You can see the sorrow involved in taking me with you, but not in leaving me behind. You shrink from depriving a mother of a daughter, and think lightly in comparison—too lightly—of depriving her of a brother; you scruple to part your Susan from her sister, and have no scruple to sever her from one a thousand times more dear."

The reasoning tone broke down before the end of the speech, though not a long one, but tears supplied its place; and with the last words she clasped his knees, and passionately bowed down her head upon them.

In an instant she raised it again, mistaking his momentary silence for obduracy, and cried, with a pathetic vehemence which he must have been made of stone to resist:

"Arnaud, do you divorce me? You do not—you shall not!"

No rhetorical art could have made better choice of a word, implying as it did a union as fast in the sight of Heaven as if it had been solemnized at the altar. The next instant, indeed, it had two of the tenderest ratifications of a marriage—

"Confirmed by mutual joinder of their hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips."

This being business enough for a single conference, here it ended; and Susan went her way, with the glory of having demolished what was really the only wise part of Arnaud's resolution. Fortunately her love, wild as it was, had some accompaniments that allied it with prudence, or their joint scheme would have been more extravagant than it was. She had not only a little knowledge of the world—of which he had no more than if he had passed his life in the moon—but she had other more tangible havings, of which Arnaud only thought after she left him, or the marriage of the Purple Island might have been dissolved as soon as made, on the ground—not usually urged—that the bride was not as penniless as the bridegroom.

And it must be added, too, in her behalf, that in binding him to make her the partner of his intended exile, she had not given up all hope that the occasion for it might never arise. On this point alone they did not perhaps understand one another very clearly; but it mattered little; for, while they parleyed on the heath, the creeping shadow had reached Oakham.

#### CHAPTER LII.—HOW MRS. ROWLEY WAS DISESTABLISHED AND DISENDOWED, AND HOW SHE SUPPORTED HERSELF UNDER BOTH OPERATIONS.

THE news which Alexander brought with him to England was known in other places before it reached the lady whom it most affected. A rumor of it arrived at Nice directly from the Vaudois country; and we shall see, without having very long to wait, how it was received by Mrs. Upjohn Rowley and her daughter, who, as we know, were wintering there.

From Nice it travelled to Mr. Upjohn, who was still in London, and alarmed that kindest-hearted of men so much that he hurried down to Mr. Marjoram's chambers almost in as great a tumult as on the former occasion, when he went to the same office on the subject of

the will. It happened to be the very day of Alexander's return from the Continent, and from his lips poor Upjohn heard the confirmation of the report, and that his sister-in-law had now nothing more to lose.

"I have no doubt," said Marjoram, when he was gone, "that his distress is perfectly sincere; and I can understand Mrs. Rowley's affection for a man of that kind; but, upon my word, I have serious doubts, with the overwhelming evidence we now have of his wife's complicity with that pair of rascals, whether our client is morally justified in leaving such enormities unexposed; and, in my opinion, it is at least our duty to put the case again before her, and tender our advice, as conscientious professional men, upon it."

"We should do so in vain," said Alexander; "and I, for one, am not prepared to give the advice you allude to."

"You are too sentimental for a solicitor," said his partner; "and Mrs. Rowley is too unworlly for the world we live in."

"Mrs. Upjohn is safe," said Alexander, "as long as her husband lives; but I cannot help thinking that his life is a bad one. I never saw a man so altered in the space of six months. It strikes me that he has fallen away even since we saw him the other day in the country."

"Then you simply go down to Cornwall with these documents. It is well Mrs. Rowley is the woman she is, or it is with a bullet from behind a hedge you might reckon on being received."

"Fortunately she is not a Tipperary woman," said Alexander, with a smile; "for, in truth, I shall feel rather like a process-server."

Repeatedly on his journey Miss Cateran's observation recurred to his mind, that Mrs. Rowley might better have done without a brother, than recover him at the cost of every thing she had, particularly as she loved him so much already that she could hardly love him more for bearing the name of Evelyn.

But he knew her too well to think this view of the matter would occur to her, or to feel it necessary to break the news with any of the reserves and managements which he would have used in the case of any other woman living.

The scene between them, when he presented himself with the rusty casket in his hands, was a very short one.

"What have you got there?" she said; "have you been at Kent's cavern? But you look so grave, that it must be something more than a mere antiquarian curiosity."

"This box, Mrs. Rowley," he replied, with a seriousness which riveted all her attention, "is an epitome of this sublunary world; it contains both good and evil—happiness with the usual alloy of privation, if not trouble. Will you have the pleasure first, or the pain?"

"Let me have the pain first," said Mrs. Rowley, "and get it over."

"This property is yours no longer."

"Then my brother is found!" she cried. "Arnaud! Arnaud! and this box contains the evidence! How blind I was. Notwithstanding his strong likeness to my father, I always—always thought this impossible."

She pounced on the box, as if it had been a casket of diamonds from Golconda, and kissed it over and over again in transport, while Alexander stood speechless with admiration, envying the oxidized iron.

"Oh, my poor dear father!" she cried again, "why did he not live to see this day? Is it to you, Alexander, my thanks are due for the discovery?"

"No thanks are due to me," said Alexander, with a bitter smile; "reserve all your gratitude for your sister-in-law. It was discovered by her tools, and most probably with her money."

"It almost makes me forgive her all the wrongs she has already done me; the only punishment I wish her is to see how happy she has made me, when she thought, no doubt, she was giving me the *coup de grâce*."

"It will content her perfectly," he said, "to think of the blow it strikes at your worldly interests, of which your matchless disinterestedness makes you so regardless yourself; and there are others besides Mrs. Upjohn who will think a little of that side of the question—even your daughters will hardly take it as calmly as you do."

"Probably not; and yet if one of them—I mean Susan—had any thing sordid in her, it would redouble her satisfaction. You must know it has been settled in your absence that she is to be Mrs. Arnaud; and it is to her, in fact, I shall have to resign my place of matrifamilias here. I see this is no surprise to you."

"I had a glimpse of it on the day of the review," said Alexander; "and it was to that I ascribed Arnaud's commotion, which now I am sure was caused—at least in part—by a presentiment of what was doing in the valleys."

"Presentiment! how was that possible?"

Alexander had an easy explanation to give of this—at least to a certain extent, as he now knew of the information which Arnaud had received from the minister of Bobbo, after the old man's death. Of this communication Mrs. Rowley now heard for the first time.

She then related the incidents that had occurred during Alexander's absence and her own, and added, with a sigh—

"Ah, the dear fellow will enter into his inheritance with very mixed feelings."

"No doubt," said Alexander. "Heaven does not try men always with adversity; there is sometimes an ordeal of prosperity to be gone through."

Mrs. Rowley now rang the bell, and desired the servant to request

her daughters to come to her. She knew that Susan had just returned.

Only Fanny came; and she no sooner greeted Mr. Alexander, than she begged her mother to go to Susan in her room, for she feared she was unwell.

"Tell Fanny every thing," said Mrs. Rowley as she left the room.

"I can easily see by mamma's face you have no very bad news to tell me," said Fanny; "though it is something that has agitated her."

Fanny's mind was in such a state of innocence as to questions of property, that when she heard of what had taken place she saw nothing but the happy side of it, and was in high glee at the idea that Arnaud would be at once her uncle and her brother.

"And, dear me, Mr. Alexander," she said, "was it to tell us this you came up to the door with so long a face, that I really think it frightened Susan, and made her ill? We saw you from the window of her bedroom."

Susan was making an effort to recover her composure when her mother entered.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said Mrs. Rowley.

"Oh," she replied, wiping her eyes, and at the same time embracing her mother, "I have so much to explain, that I know not how to do it. I know—I am certain I know—what Mr. Alexander comes to announce."

"Well, love, if you do, is it an unmixed calamity? Is it nothing but sorrow, that I find you all tears, like Niobe? I can't suppose you cry because my brother has been found, and I do think you might leave it to me to weep for every thing else."

Susan would have interrupted her, but Mrs. Rowley was not yet done.

"I see now," she continued, "what has been preying on your mind ever since my return; but I think you ought to have known me better. I gave up, as you well know, what was justly mine without a murmur; and now I shall resign what was never by right my own, not only without reluctance, but with more pleasure, if I know myself, than its possession ever gave me. Think, my dear, only of your future husband, who is now your equal in birth and station. I don't allude to property, because I know that will be the least part of his happiness."

"You do him justice, mamma, but not complete justice. As to the estate, his mind is made up never, never to accept it."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear! Go down-stairs, and tell Mr. Alexander that. I should like to hear his reply."

But she soon found her mistake in treating her daughter's declaration so lightly, and that it was no fleeting bit of sentimentality she had to deal with, but the stubborn and extravagant determination related in the last chapter.

"Why this is lunacy, girl!" cried the widow, scarce able to believe her ears or command her irritation.

"It may be so," said Susan quietly and sorrowfully; "but as our resolution is irrevocable, it is surely my duty to tell you of it."

"Irrevocable resolution!" cried her mother, with a sarcastic smile, and was leaving the room without vouchsafing any other answer, when Susan followed her to the door, and begged of her to restrain Mr. Alexander from going to Arnaud on the subject, as it might overexcite him, and would most certainly not shake his purpose.

"Mr. Alexander will do his duty," replied her mother, in the short, dry way that showed her extreme vexation, "and he is the best judge of it."

She returned to the drawing-room, and sent Fanny away, hardly giving the poor girl time to wish her joy.

"Unexpected difficulties, my dear sir. The news you brought has, it seems, been foreseen; and this rational young couple have already resolved to fly to the uttermost ends of the earth rather than deprive me of the property—or rob me, as they call it. You may well smile at such nonsense."

"This is just Arnaud's prodigious ignorance of the world. The foolish, generous fellow has yet to learn that it is not for any man, no matter how disinterested, to shirk a position cast upon him by law. I suppose the best thing to do is to see him as soon as possible."

"Indeed, I think so," said Mrs. Rowley.

It was thought prudent, however, not to be too abrupt, as Arnaud's strength was not quite restored; so all that Alexander did that evening was to send him a line to say that he had important papers to lay before him, and proposed to pay him an early visit the next day.

No sooner did he read Alexander's note, than Arnaud smote his thigh, raised his eyes, flashing with joy, to heaven, and thanked God as if for some signal manifestation of divine favor. Susan Rowley was astonished at the cordial message he returned, instead of refusing to see Alexander, as she expected he would.

Arnaud (who was in his hut before a blazing peat-fire, for the day was cool) knew the box the moment he laid his eyes on it. It was the same he had seen in the rage of his fever, the same he had then recognized as a long-forgotten object familiar to his infancy. There was neither excitement nor displeasure in his countenance as he contemplated it, and Alexander naturally inferred that it would be an easy task to bring him to take a sensible view of the subject.

"The papers are here, I presume?" said Arnaud, with his hand on the box.

"Yes," said Alexander, opening it and taking them out, "they are documents of the greatest importance to you. Will you read them yourself, or shall I do it for you?"

"Tell me their effect," said Arnaud; "that will be quite sufficient."

"In a word, they are the evidences of your true parentage."

"Alexander," he replied calmly, "have you forgotten what one of our pastors told you at La Tour, the first day I ever saw you, that God was my father, and I had no other?"

"At that time it was in a measure true; but now your earthly father is known, and his rights and his property are now vested in you."

"To his name I have no objection," he replied, still without betraying any emotion, "but his property is another matter; it belongs to another, and shall never be taken from her by me."

"My dear friend, it is not you that take it from her but the law, which neither she nor you can control. Allow me to explain what you do not seem to understand, that a man has no option but to take what the law gives him, with all its advantages and responsibilities. An estate cannot have two owners, it is for the law to declare where the ownership is, and in this case it declares that you stand in that trying situation; nor can you avoid it with all your generous disposition, all your indifference to wealth, all your affection for your sister."

"Not avoid it! but that is what I have sworn to do. Perhaps you rely on these papers to alter my purpose."

"On these papers certainly, and the facts which they prove."

"Then," cried Arnaud grasping them, and withdrawing his chair a little back, as if he feared Alexander would interfere, "I'll settle the matter very shortly," and with stern deliberation he tore the documents into a hundred pieces, and flung them into the fire.

"There go my rights," he cried, "as you call them! There goes Fatima's title to a place in the widow's almshouse."

Alexander, far from interfering, regarded this frantic proceeding with a grim smile, as he well might, knowing that the destroyed papers were only copies of the original documents which he had left in Italy.

"As a lawyer," he said, with severity, "I say no more; but although I am only a layman, I will take leave to tell you, who are a divine, that your conduct in this business is no more consistent with religious duty than with common-sense. It seems you will accept evil at the hand of Providence and not good. It was not thus that Mrs. Rowley received the news that the estate was hers no more."

"Religious duty!" cried Arnaud, still excited, "to beggar my new-found sister—to devour the widow's house—stick to law, Alexander, and don't meddle with divinity. The proposals you have made to-day are not new to me. Not very long since there came here a creature of Mrs. Upjohn's, with the same jargon in his mouth, as if he was talking to a wretch like himself, without a heart or a conscience. I was minded to pitch him over the cliffs."

"I suppose," said Alexander, laughing, "it is lucky for me your strength is not quite reestablished, or I should run the same risk. It would certainly be a novel description of agrarian outrage."

"No, no, my dear friend," said Arnaud, "I know you are only discharging a formal duty. I respect your intentions, but I laugh your arguments to scorn."

"At all events," said Alexander, rising to go, "I suppose, after what you have just done, you will not be in such a hurry to go to the antipodes."

"That will depend on whether my sister is reasonable or not. She has only to act as if nothing of all this had ever happened or come to light."

"Then," said Alexander, promptly, "I will answer for her at once, that she will act in no such way. On the contrary, she will leave Cornwall in a day or two, and she will never more set her foot on this property as its owner, or return to that house as its mistress, while you exist. You will find her as resolute in the right as you are in the wrong. God bless you, and restore you to your right mind!"

And without waiting for an answer, he hurried away, only too glad to have his interview over with such a transcendent wrong-head.

"Well," said the widow, who had anxiously waited his return, "I trust you did not find him as wild as my daughter."

"Nothing wilder out of Bedlam. I come back with my life, but with an empty box—the papers are in the fire."

"And is he still resolved to leave England?"

"Resolved to go all lengths of insanity, unless under conditions impossible for you to accept."

"I understand," said Mrs. Rowley, with decision. "I shall not say another word to alter their wise purpose. Let them marry, and go off with themselves. As he is so clairvoyant in fever, perhaps he will come to his senses in the torrid zone."

"I told him," said Alexander, "that you would leave this immediately, as there is no chance with a madman but to show him the most determined front."

"You did right," said Mrs. Rowley. "I have only to get these fools married, leave every thing connected with the property in Mr. Cosie's hands, and then I shall be ready to go up with you to town."

The marriage took place with the least possible delay, and the utmost possible privacy. It was necessary, of course, that the same people of the island, and the crazy folks of the main-land (Mrs. Rowley,

for instance) should meet on the occasion, but a previous understanding was entered into that there was to be no discussion or conversation on the exasperating subject of the property. The ceremony was not a cheerful one, though the union was in itself perfectly objectionable; but the sisters were about to be separated for they knew not how long, and Mrs. Rowley, though she had fortitude enough to part with house and lands without a sigh or a murmur, could not so easily reconcile herself to the severance of all the personal ties and associations which bound her to Oakham.

The Evelyns (for Arnaud was obliged to be married by that name) went their way as soon as they were man and wife. At the last moment Susan informed her sister that she had hopes of prevailing on her Quixotic spouse to limit his wanderings, in the first instance, to Egypt and Palestine. Mrs. Rowley smiled as she communicated this important intelligence to Mr. Alexander.

"Isn't it a good idea," she said, "keeping the honeymoon in the desert?"

"I trust," said Alexander, "they will find the cave of Adullam to let."

But it was no time for pleasantry. What had taken place was soon known over the whole property, how it had changed hands, how the new proprietor had already vanished, as if he had been taken up into heaven like the inspired dervish in the Book of Kings; and how Mrs. Rowley herself was preparing to flee. It was not so much sorrow that prevailed as utter bewilderment. Nobody could understand it, and in the universal perplexity it very naturally got abroad that the property really belonged to neither party, but to the other branch of the family. From that it was but a step to the rumor that Mrs. Upjohn would immediately come back to Foxden; and it was even believed by many that she would take possession of Oakham House itself.

In short, such was the commotion that Mrs. Rowley, to avoid painful scenes, and possibly even some attempt on the part of her grieving tenantry to detain her by gentle violence, thought it advisable to steal away like Arnaud. She only saw Mr. Blackadder and the afflicted Cosies before she went.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A MODERN GREEK HERO.

ONE of the most influential and interesting of the heroic leaders of the modern Greeks in their great struggle for independence against the Turks, nearly half a century ago, was the native chieftain Odysseus, or Ulysses, the scenes of whose exploits and adventures were the plains of Thebes and Orchomenus, the fertile valleys of Livadia, the gloomy defiles of Delphi and Thermopylae, while the Acropolis of Athens was the theatre on which he met his tragic end.

Odysseus was the son of Andreutzos, a chieftain who exercised, under the distant supremacy of the Pacha of Janina, the functions of *armatol*, or guardian, of the defiles leading from Thermopylae to Athens, thus ruling over all the subjected or unsubjected Klephts scattered around the gorges of Cithaeron and Parnassus. Livadia was the principal place of this vast territory. From time immemorial these functions had been an appanage of the family, and the defence of these passes a sacred duty, which a reckless heroism and a generous patriotism most willingly, and oftenest successfully, fulfilled. When the Russians, at war with Turkey, effected a descent on the steep coasts of Maina, in 1778, to rouse the Peloponnesians, Andreutzos hastened to respond to the first signal of independence. With his handful of men he traversed with irresistible rapidity the Morea, but arrived only in time to see the Russians abandon the Greeks to Turkish vengeance.

Pursued by his enemies, who came pouring down the heights of Epirus and Thessaly, and harassed by hunger and fatigue, he made a hasty retreat, and, through an indomitable bravery which defied natural obstacles and cunning ensnarements, and a patriotism that infused itself into the breast of every companion, he finally reached Previsa, then under the protectorate of the Venetian republic. Of the five hundred who accompanied him, only one hundred and fifty returned. According to popular tradition, however, they had exterminated above three thousand Turks.

After the Peace of Kainarji (1774), which contained an article in favor of the Greeks incited by the Russians, Andreutzos returned to his native country. As his wide-spread renown precluded all possibility of a sojourn in the city of Livadia, where the eager vengeance of the Turks would too readily have overtaken him, he threw himself into the stronghold of Arakhora, amid the mountains of Parnassus. Arakhora, which the Greeks call their second Thermopylae, rises like an eagle's-nest at the southern extremity of the defiles of ancient



Delphi. Naturally one of the most picturesque, it is strategically one of the most impregnable points of eastern Hellas. Its houses rise in amphitheatric rows on the declivities of a conical rock, commanded by the ruins of a fortress. Above this wild peak, the rugged summits of Mount Parnassus are visible; below, a maze of torrents and abysses; the mountains of Boeotia close the horizon on one side; on the other, across an enormous embrasure of rocks, the view commands a portion of the gulf of Corinth, and still farther the serrated peaks of Argos and Laconia.

In this inaccessible retreat, Andreutzos lived till 1786, when, the war between the Turks and Russians breaking out anew, he joined the Suliotas in Epirus, distinguishing himself by fresh deeds of valor. Heedless of warnings, he ventured, after the cessation of bloodshed, on Venetian soil, and was, by order of the government of the republic, delivered up to the Turkish authorities, sent to Constantinople, there kept for years in prison, and finally thrown into the Bosphorus. Popular improvisation has cast the romance of song around his daring exploits, and lamentations over his sad fate are still heard in his native Livadia.

Odysseus, so named in memory of the legendary hero of Ithaca, was born on that island shortly after his father's sudden disappearance. When the famous Ali Pacha of Janina conceived the project of shaking off the Turkish yoke, and establishing his vast pachalik as an independent sovereignty, his court became the centre of all disaffected Greeks, whose national aspirations he strove to flatter. Odysseus was not long in ranging himself among the number. His beauty, chivalric bearing, the remarkable force and courage which he on several occasions displayed, easily secured the favor of his redoubtable master. Unfortunately for himself and country, his education at Janina exercised a baneful influence over his whole career, and withered all the noble instincts with which Nature had endowed him. The sentiment of heroic patriotism which filled the souls of Zavellas, Botzaris, and Diakos, found no room in the contaminated atmosphere of Janina; cruelty, perfidy, and an unbounded ambition, ruled, and were the lessons instilled by the barbarous Epirote despot.

Odysseus did not escape their noxious effects. Nature, lavish in her gifts to him, made him almost a prodigy. His agility in running was such that he could keep pace with the fleetest horses at a race; but education and surroundings came near making him a monster of ingratitude and cruelty. At times the warmest of patriots, he was yet so jealous in arrogating power to himself that the slightest apparent denial of it made him oblivious to his country's interests, and fiercely stirred the rankling passions of his breast. With an unflinching bravery that acquired for him the surname of the modern Leonidas, he fought the enemies of his country for national independence, but, with still greater stubbornness and more savage desire, he battled for his personal independence. His successful leadership and indomitable courage made him the dread of the Turks; his restless ambition, sudden, impetuous resolves, and occasional self-sacrifice, subjected him one day to the anathemas of his countrymen, the next to spontaneous enthusiasm, as eager to glorify his person as his deeds.

Reinstated in his father's dominions several years before the Grecian insurrection, he like him exercised the functions of guardian of the defiles of Phocis, Boeotia, and Attica. Heir to his father's popularity, he found himself, in the year 1821, at the head of three thousand men, equipped at his own expense, and blindly devoted to his fortunes. Confirmed in his command by the provisional Government of Greece, and invested with the title of Archistrategus of eastern Hellas, he confided the defence of the Acropolis of Athens to Guras, a courageous but cunning and ambitious man; and that of Thermopylae to Panurias, a former aide-de-camp of Andreutzos, hardened to all exertions, faithful to the last extremity, and immovable like the rocks amid which he had warred from his childhood. Always foremost at the post of danger, Odysseus, in the first period of the war for independence, three times arrested the advance of the Turks at Thermopylae. A disdainful spirit of insubordination, however, tarnished the lustre of his victories, and the wild independence which he affected soon brought him into conflict with the nascent government. Thus, when the wise, enlightened, and well-conducted administration of Alexander Mavrocordatos superseded the feeble and mysterious power of the Hetaira represented by Demetrius Ypsilanti, Odysseus warmly espoused the cause of the latter, received him in Livadia, and thus rendered himself suspicious to the new government. Colettis, minister of war, had vowed him mortal hatred even in his youth, which he

spent in his company in Janina, in constant jealousy of the partiality shown him by the pacha. He watched attentively the movements of the haughty chief of Livadia, ever eager to ensnare him in his toils. A bloody defeat at Zeitoun furnished the desired occasion for an accusation of treason, and the prompt dispatch of two commissioners by the government to investigate his conduct. The choice of the commissioners, the profound secrecy which veiled their pursuit, and the certainty of a violent death if success crowned their efforts, roused the ire of Odysseus, and kindled every wild passion that lay dormant in his breast since the day when the barbarous Ali Pacha first imbued him with the cunning and cruelty that reigned at his court. To suspect, condemn, and execute, were, to his mind, one and the same thing. Expecting no mercy from his pursuers, he resolved to show none to them. Hunted from place to place, he managed, through his adroitness, agility, and the devotion of twenty followers, to escape their vigilance, and, by an unexpected dash over tortuous paths, to surprise and capture them. After a fruitless attempt to escape, the commissioners fell under the blows of his excited followers.

The news of this twofold murder spread consternation over the whole Peloponnesus, and Odysseus, triumphant and at the head of his faithful troops, was expected to make his appearance there every moment. The Areopagus fled to the islands. The executive government sought refuge in the citadel of Argos, set a price on the head of the culprit, and commanded the inhabitants of Livadia to deliver him up, dead or alive. The Church hurled its anathemas against his doomed head. The excitement grew intense, to be equalled only by the surprise caused by the unexpected moderation of Odysseus. Tossed by passions in which the noble and ignoble were closely intermixed, he had dealt summary vengeance upon his personal foes, but dreamed not of kindling civil war. There is near the summit of Parnassus an immense cavern, capable of containing two thousand men, supplied with an inexhaustible spring, and inaccessible even to chamois—a cavern whose entrance can only be reached by means of ladders placed against a perpendicular rock. Here Odysseus had hidden his treasures and accumulated his arms and provisions; and in this isolated spot he now awaited the lulling of the storm that had been raised against him, and looked forward to the moment when the government would be forced to sue for his services. Stupor, disorder, anarchy, ruled the hour. Dramali Pacha, descending from Thessaly, crossed, without striking a blow, the Thermopylae, left unguarded by its accustomed defenders, and proceeded rapidly toward the Peloponnesus, ravaging every thing before him. The inhabitants of eastern Greece, the first exposed to the enemy, clamored loudly for him who so often preserved them from the horrors of foreign invasion, and accused the Areopagus of having drawn these evils on the country, in depriving it by an unseasonable severity of its strongest bulwark. All eyes turned involuntarily to the snowy peaks of Parnassus, from whence alone safety could descend; the disgrace of Odysseus became a public calamity, and his crimes were forgotten in the ardent longing for his aid. The injured chief, still smarting under late persecutions, and swayed by unrelenting stubbornness, looked idly down from his wild retreat, and allowed Dramali, with his formidable vanguard, ill supplied with munitions and baggage, but expecting a speedy reinforcement by the rest of the Turkish army under Bairam Pacha, to reach the very confines of Argos. The pass of Thermopylae crossed by Bairam, the juncture effected, and Greece were irrevocably lost. Overcome by his country's danger, Odysseus, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, quits his cave, assembles his partisans, and appears at the famous defiles, simultaneously with the enemy. A terrible struggle ensues, whose episodes have been freely sung by popular poets. Depicting, on one side, Odysseus, fond of noise, of show, and dress, fighting in the front rank, attired in his most brilliant costume, uttering loud cries, and inveighing the enemy in Homeric style; and, on the other, the fierce Panurias, gloomy, taciturn, disdainful finery, sustaining gigantic blows without a murmur, and making a rampart with his body to his impetuous brother-in-arms, an *improvisatore* compares the one to a flower of dazzling colors, and the other to the vigorous stalk destined for its support. After two bloody days, the Turks, totally defeated, sought refuge in the woods and marshes, and Odysseus, carrying with him the spoils of the enemy and forty standards, triumphantly marched to Athens. Saluted as the liberator of his country by enthusiastic acclamations, he was reinstated in his office of archistrategus by the spontaneous accord of the primates, which received the grudgingly silent approval of the Areopagus. Af-

fecting the manners of a sovereign, he paid his soldiers from private funds, imposed heavy contributions on the municipalities of Thebes and Athens, and administered justice with all the indifference and cruelty of a barbarian.

Toward the close of 1824, after two years of ceaseless and undecided encounters with the Turks, events took an unfavorable turn for Greece, and Omar Pacha, at the head of an immense army, invaded Livadia, Boeotia, and Attica, defeated Odysseus at Gravia, and struck terror into the very heart of Greece. Shattered in body and foiled in his attempts at resistance, Odysseus sought safety in the shelter of forests, secretly rallying his Palikars and forming schemes to outwit the enemy. Under the guise of submission, and a sham concession of all authority over eastern Greece to the sultan, he prevailed upon Omar Pacha, already alarmed by the victories of Colocotronis in the Peloponnesus, to quit the Grecian territory without the further effusion of blood. The Hydriote Conduriottis at this time (1825) became the head of the administration, retaining Colettis as minister of war.

The year opened under the most ominous auspices; anarchy and civil war reigned everywhere; the leaders of the Peloponnesus openly revolted against the government at Nauplia, possessing themselves of the principal fortified places in the peninsula. Never had intestine discord, this distinctive feature of Grecian history, bred more imminent perils; for, while the Hellenes were fighting among each other, the fleet of Ibrahim Pacha of Egypt disembarked a formidable army on the coast of the Peloponnesus. At the very outbreak of the insurrection Odysseus had received orders from the government to march against the rebels, but, jealously guarding his independence, he refused to side with either party. His post was at the pass of Thermopylae, he said, and nothing could induce him to forsake the sacred defiles and fight against his compatriots. At this, Colettis felt his ancient hatred revive. Taught by experience, he avoided all irritating proceedings, and invited his adversary to Nauplia, to explain in an amicable manner the motives for his refusal. Singularly enough, cautious and mistrustful as he was, and fully aware of the crafty and implacable nature of Colettis, Odysseus consented to a personal interview. Perhaps he relied on the unimpeached integrity of the two other members of the executive power, Conduriottis and Mavrocordatos—perhaps he expected, by setting a high price on his services, to obtain new prerogatives—at all events, he left Panurias to guard the pass, descended to the gulf of Corinth, and was about to trust himself to the guide charged to conduct him to Nauplia, when the latter, fascinated by his haughty attitude and great renown, confessed that he was hired to assassinate him during the journey. In spite of this avowal, he pursued his route, reached Nauplia, and accepted the proffered hospitality of a trusty friend. Subjected to another cowardly attempt upon his life, Odysseus, without losing an instant, mounted his horse, traversed at a wild gallop the distance that separated him from Livadia, and, yielding to the violence of his resentment, assembled his most devoted followers, crossed the frontier, and enrolled himself in the ranks of the Turk. But old Panurias hastened after him, and, by reminding him of his father's glorious memory, strove to revive in his breast the sentiment of honor and love of country. Odysseus did not remain deaf to this voice. As anxious to repair his fault as he was prompt in committing it, he was bent on achieving some brilliant action before returning to Greece. He resolved to carry by surprise the important citadel of Neo-Patras, then in the power of the Turks, and, with this object in view, furtively left the Ottoman camp. But closely watched by the Turks, who penetrated and frustrated his designs, he was compelled to seek safety in a convent. Here the fanciful threads of popular tradition wove a net-work of fiction over the short period preceding his reappearance.

During his absence, events had multiplied; the insurrection in the Peloponnesus was completely stifled; Colocotronis and his principal adherents had lain down their arms and suffered a short detention on the island of Hydra; Livadia, occupied by government troops, was provisionally under the charge of Guras. Odysseus, proclaimed traitor for the second time, appealed to his followers, shut himself up in the monastery of Agios Lucas, near Thebes, and stubbornly resisted an attack by Guras, to whom, after having consumed his last cartridge and exhausted all his provisions, he finally surrendered. The high square tower on the Acropolis of Athens was assigned as his prison. For several weeks he vainly demanded to be tried. The clemency and generous calculations of Conduriottis and Mavrocordatos

were counteracted by the jealous vindictiveness of Colettis, and the readiness with which Guras was willing to purchase power with ingratitude, soon offered him an opportunity for ridding himself of his formidable foe. Favored by an obscure night, Guras penetrated into the room of the Livadian chief, and, stabbing him while asleep, threw his body down the elevated wall of the Acropolis. The following day the news spread throughout Athens, that Odysseus, trusting to his marvellous agility, had killed himself in an attempt to escape, by falling from a high wall, whose extreme elevation the obscurity of the night prevented him from rightly calculating. A year after, Guras met death at the same hour, and at the foot of the same tower, at the hands of the Turks—a just punishment, say the Athenians, for the foul murder of the hero to whom the country so often owed its preservation.

## A GERMAN WATERING-PLACE.

LIFE at Kissingen, in Germany, as I remember it now at the distance of three or four thousand miles, was almost unspeakably delightful. The morning meeting at the springs of young people of both sexes, the confidential conversations, the gay and chatty strolls, the afternoon drives, the moonlight walks, the irresistible toilets, the brilliant eyes, the sunny smiles—are they not all written in the book of memory in golden characters on illuminated pages?

And yet to some people German watering-places are very, very dull. When the medical autocrat who condemned us to a season or two at Kissingen had pronounced his sentence, we wrote to a friend who was serving out his time at the same place, and begged for information with regard to the life we were to lead there. In the bitterness of his soul, he replied as follows: "You must get up, just as you are comfortably asleep, and, wishing devoutly that you had never been born, struggle into your clothes. These you must carefully arrange the night before, or you will be trying to pin your socks around your neck, and putting your feet into your new hat. Then you plunge out of the house and into a bath, saving yourself by superhuman exertions only from drowning, because your sleepy head tends naturally to the bottom. You stumble out of the bath, and take a nauseous dose of water. Drink and dawdle. Dawdle more, and drink again. Repeat the dawdle, and repeat the draught. Breakfast. Dawdle. Dress. Dine. Dawdle. Drink again. Dawdle again. Drink a second glass. Dawdle a second time. Do it all over again. Sup. Go to bed. This is your life. And while you are doing your drink and dawdle, a brass band plays most melancholy music, reminding you of your long-lost grandmother, and the sins of your youth. And myriads of people elbow you, and look fierce at you, and spill water over you, and tread on your corns, and speak to you in a language which you do not understand, and do all that in them lies to make you generally miserable. Moreover, as far as creature comforts are concerned, the soup is gruel, the roast-beef is boiled rags, the vegetables are all various forms of ill-smelling cabbage, the chickens are killed while they are in the act of drawing their last breath from starvation, the puddings are impossible, and they never have any fruit. Any hen that lays an egg bigger than an English walnut is immediately put to death, and butter is unknown. Tea is forbidden, that women may be broken-hearted; and smoking is not allowed, that men may be driven to suicide. There is nothing on earth to do, and less than nothing to see."

To tell the truth, for sometime after we got to Kissingen we felt like our melancholy friend. We found there a theatre, a pretty, chalet-like structure, where sometimes, as the Germans told us, there was tolerably good acting. But as we did not understand a word of the language, the theatre was of little use to us. Very few concerts are given. A miserable party of Tyrolean beer-saloon singers infest the grounds, and occasionally perform in one of the minor hotels. But their noise is to be avoided if possible. The Conversation-Haus is not lit in the evening. It consists of but a single room, and contains no papers or books, nor is there ever there a nucleus of agreeable people singing or playing, or giving one a bit of social, cheerful society. The drives are not particularly interesting. The hills are steep, and the walks generally lead to nowhere.

During our first season in Kissingen there was, however, a daily show there, which was some relief to the terrible monotony. The Emperor of every one of the Russias was among us, also the empress of the same, and the grand-duchess of ditto, and the yellow dog of said ditto. And

It was very edifying to see the emperor of all the Russias walk on his two legs just as if he had been emperor of only a few of the Russias, and the empress walk beside him as if she had been but the empress of one Russia. As to the grand-duchess, she might have been the grand-duchess of no Russia, for all that we could perceive about her. But the yellow dog, I think, never forgot his position as the yellow dog of all the Russias. When the emperor walked abroad without his womankind, the yellow dog walked close beside him. When the empress joined her husband, he went the other side, and said nothing. But when the grand-duchess accompanied her parents, the attitude of the other members of the court with regard to the yellow dog was looked upon by him as hard to endure. He tried to make the grand-duchess look at the matter in the light in which he saw it. The grand-duchess had been at Schwalbach. Why did not the grand-duchess stay at Schwalbach? or if she must come to Kissingen, why should she take the place of the yellow dog of all the Russias? When the Y. D. O. A. T. R. thought on these things, he could not bear them. He pushed himself in between the imperial parent and the ducal daughter, and he was duly pushed back again. He tried it again, and with like result. And then his wrath overflowed, and he threw himself upon a small dog, who happened to be taking his constitutional in the neighborhood, with intent to devour him. It required the exercise of authority on the part of other members of the family to induce the imperial dog to change his mind, and swallow his wrath instead of the puppy. The next season, all the Russias remained in their own country. We had grand-dukes only, and ex-grand-dukes, and the Grand-duchess of Baden. She loomed up among women, as would an Egyptian pyramid among houses, as she took the prescribed walk on the Kur Promenade.

Now, there existed last year sacred mysteries, into which ordinary mortals might not pry. We knew not how imperial majesty drank of the waters at Kissingen. Whether the guard presented arms, and high mass was held in the chapel, and small-arms were fired off on the occasion, we cannot tell. But we do know how the Grand-duchess of Baden took hers, and an edifying ceremony it was. A small and rickety table was placed near the spring. On the table was a cloth, and on the cloth a plate, and on the plate a napkin, and on the napkin a glass. When the fortunate moment arrived in which to present the favored waters to the ducal lips, a blessed and buttoned flunky, arrayed in burning-red vest and silver-adorned livery, came on the scene, reverently filled and presented the happy glass, and stood uncovered and breathless until it no longer saluted the mighty lips. Then he received and replaced it on the napkin, and plate, and table-cloth, and rickety table, and the ducal walk recommenced. And we saw all this with unscorched eyeballs, and, meekly taking our own glasses from less elaborately-buttoned flunkys, whose waistcoats were of a less scorching hue, received lessons of sweet humility.

One thing very original in Kissingen is the manner in which consultations are held with physicians. We used to wonder how they prescribed for the august personages to whom I have referred. Did the doctor fall on his knees as he felt of his imperial high-mightiness's pulse, or cover his face with his hands and peep from between the fingers to look at her serenely noble loftiness's tongue? This, alas, is one of the awful mysteries for which I have no solution. But the manner in which ordinary mortals and their physicians meet is as follows: Both parties repair at an early hour to the Promenade. Here, each M. D. seizes a particular tree, and is supported thereby, while phials of all the ills that flesh is heir to are poured upon his devoted head. A procession of old men and young men, of young women and boys, of aunts and babies, of the lame, the halt, and the blind, present him each with his or her particular malady, and receive the counsel and cold water which the particular case demands. That dreadful want of reverence which is the besetting sin of Americans, tormented us greatly at first by allowing nothing but the ludicrousness of the scene to be present with us. The patient approached. Off went his and the doctor's hat at the same moment. They were poised in air an instant, and then resumed their proper places. A very short interview took place. The doctor's hat again flew to the level of his breast. The patient's followed. They were replaced. Another patient approached. Two hats were instantly in mid air. A moment's pause, and they again covered their owners' heads. The journeyings the doctors' hats took, the pullings off, and the pushings on, were enough to wear out any ordinary beaver in about a week, and give anybody but a German a never-ending cold in his head.

The doctors' trees are planted near the *Brunnen*, and at the oppo-

site end of the Promenade are set out tables containing a variety of bread and light cake, from which the patients are directed by their medical advisers to choose the staple of their breakfasts. Accordingly, during the two hours devoted to the waters, and the enforced walking which accompanies their drinking, groups are seen gathered about the tables, pouring into the ever-open palms of the wives and daughters of the Kissingen bakers a silver stream, for which they receive a by-no-means generous return. For it cannot be denied that the *morale* of the *Brunnen* tradespeople is not improved by their waters. The cakes are good, however, as is testified by the attention they receive from the bees. These hang upon the "number eights," and the puffs, the buns, the sponge-cake, and the "canes," disputing them with their buyers, and often clinging to the sweet morsel during its journey to the breakfast-table. The little garden of the Kur Haus and the Colonnade before the Kur Saal are set out with tables and chairs, and here coffee is served, which, with the cake divided with the bees, is the breakfast *de rigueur*. Here the nursery-maids bring the babies. The children run races or play ball. The ladies knit or sew. The gentlemen gossip with them a little, and then stroll away. An hour or so after breakfast, the groups are dispersed, the tables are cleared away, the bakers' families are counting their gains at home, and the Promenade is left to silence and solitude. At one o'clock occurs the *table-d'hôte* dinner. The viands with which the table is spread are very much under the care of the physicians. The service is atrocious, and the noise and confusion almost intolerable to weak nerves. After dinner, coffee is again served in front of the Kur Haus, and parties are made up for afternoon drives or walks. At six, the Promenade is again crowded, and the drinking and walking go on again for two hours. A light supper follows, and, excepting for the theatre-goers, there is nothing to do but to go directly to bed.

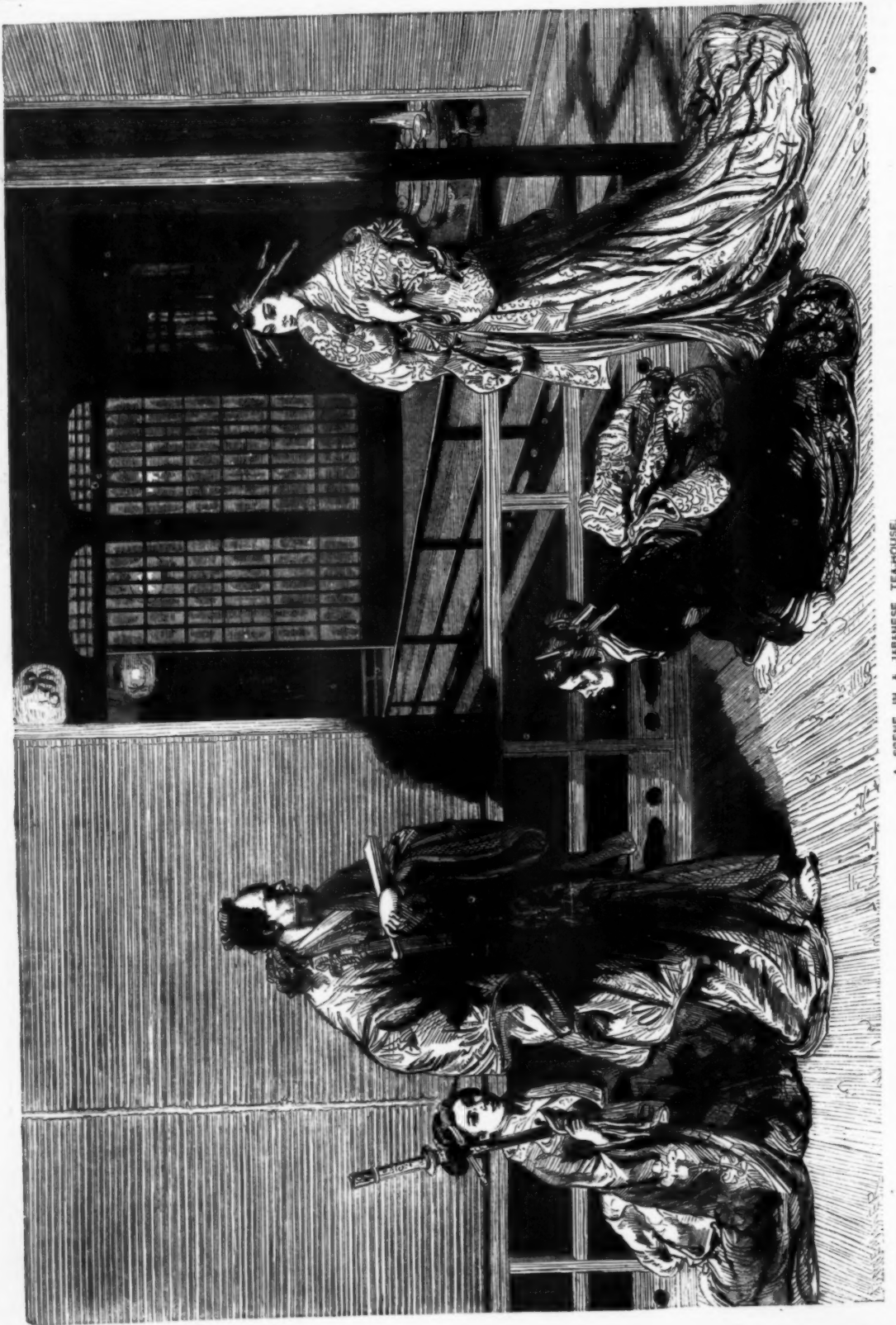
Toward the end of the season, the weather became fitful and pathetic in its nature, weeping without the slightest provocation. Sometimes during our walks, when the gentlemen's umbrellas were safe in their owners' rooms, and the ladies absurd little parasols were filled with wild flowers, we were suddenly enveloped in a sheet of rain, which wrapped us about like a garment for five or ten minutes. Then, presto! the sun streamed over the scene, sending us to our hotels forlorn and dripping, meeting those who had just come out to enjoy the sunshine, with a dapper repose about their belongings which made us furious. Or, we came in from an afternoon walk or drive, and sat down on our balcony to sup, when suddenly a cloud broke just over our heads, and table, and chairs, and people, and eatables, had to be most expeditiously got under shelter.

We had, at length, taken kindly to the life at Kissingen. The alterative waters, the country air, the quiet, had produced their desired effect. Wound up in the morning beside the spring by the doctor, the days' rounds went regularly on, and we had become so accustomed to the routine, that we might have continued it until we were found frozen to death beside the fountain, the bath-tub, or the bed. But we were suddenly informed by the dictator to whom we daily twice removed our beaver that the "Kur" was over, and we must start immediately for the "Nach Kur." We tried to plead for a little longer of the life which had at first seemed to us as uninteresting as that of a vegetable marrow, but the doctor was remorseless, and with many sighs we left the peaceful valley where we had at first wasted much precious breath in fretting and fuming.

## SCENES IN YEDDO.

THE first of our illustrations of Japanese life, in this week's JOURNAL, represents the interior of a tea-house in the environs of Yeddo. "The Japanese houses," says Professor Pumpelly, "are nearly all alike in plan, differing chiefly in size and costliness of material, while, from the palace down, there reigns a rigid simplicity in form and furniture. The frequency of earthquakes necessitates the use of the lightest materials, and these are wood and paper, and with these substances the danger from fire is so great that costly ornamentation would be thrown away. According to Sir R. Alcock, fires in Yeddo are so frequent that the whole city is burned down and rebuilt every seven years, and the same rule probably holds in other towns. Fire insurance is unknown, and, though there are brave and well-organized fire-brigades, they can with their small hand-pumps do little to stay a conflagration raging in such light materials. The dwellings are



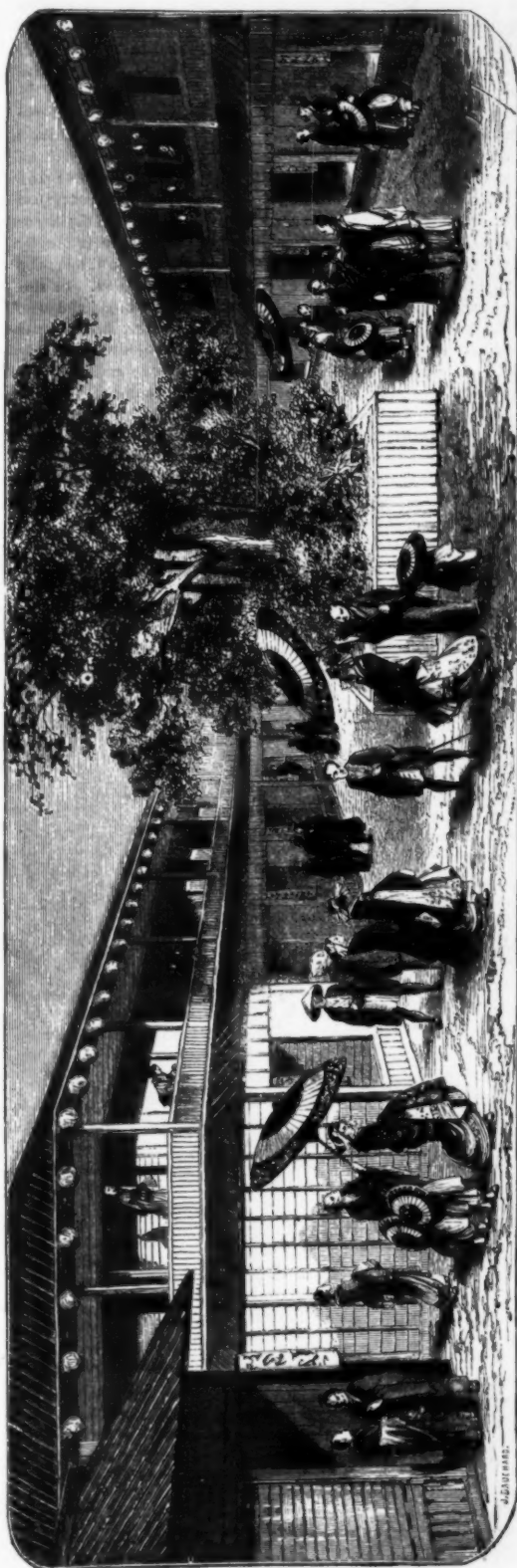


A SCENE IN A JAPANESE TEA-HOUSE.

one or two stories high, with a veranda running all around. The size of the rooms is regulated by the number of mats; and, as these are always six feet long by three wide, the area of the room must be planned to admit a given number of whole mats. The rooms are divided by sliding-doors of paper, stretched on a slight frame, which rolls easily in grooved beams in the floor and beneath the ceiling. These doors often form the only partition-walls, and by removing them the whole building may be thrown into one room. The mats are made up of several layers of coarse matting, covered by one of a fine white grass, the whole being about two inches thick, and bound at the sides with a border of dark cloth. This forms a firm and elastic covering for the floor. The wood-work of the outside is painted black, when painted at all; but, in the interior, wax, oil, and lacquer, are used to produce ornamental effect, in connection with the grain of the wood. Beams of the ceiling and upright posts are often carved, but more generally lacquered or waxed; sometimes the timber is only partially squared, a portion of the bark being left on, and a curious effect produced by lacquering this with the rest. The paper of the sliding-doors is often a picture-gallery in itself, representing landscapes, or birds and flowers, often admirably done in ink or colors. Nearly every room has one end devoted to a recess, one-half of which is a closet for mattresses, etc., in bedrooms, and the other half a niche with a hanging scroll, bearing a picture or verses; underneath this stands a low rack for swords. The rooms are heated with charcoal, either in an elegant bronze brazier, or in an iron pot in a box of sand, sunk into the floor. Thus easily is the furniture of a Japanese room summed up. As simple as it is, these houses have the charm of neatness. No dust is visible, least of all on the floor; and, if the rooms look empty, they also look airy. The Japanese has no use for chairs and tables. Never stepping on a mat other than in his stockings, he always has a clean floor to sit on; and here, with shins doubled under him, and using the hollow of the feet for a chair, the native will sit by the hour, smoking and gossiping over tea or saki, or playing chess."

The tea-house, or restaurant, represented in our view, is one of the best class frequented by the two-sworded gentry of the Japanese aristocracy. They are not distinguished in any way externally from the tea-houses frequented by the middle classes, their only peculiarity being somewhat greater space, and a more formal and ceremonious attendance upon the guests. In this case the gentleman who has just entered is met in the gallery by the landlady and her chief female attendants, who prostrate themselves before him in the Japanese fashion. The girl on the left is just rising from her knees, and has taken the sword of the visitor, which she holds carefully and respectfully, with her hand guarded by a silk handkerchief, and which she will presently deposit on a lacquered table in the adjoining apartment. The landlady, still on her knees, awaits the orders of the gentleman for whom a repast appears to be ready in one of the adjoining rooms. Professor Pumpelly thus describes his reception in one of these houses: "We were received in the same manner that is usual among Japanese; the landlady came first, and getting on her marrow-bones, and touching the floor with her forehead, hoped we were well and had had a pleasant journey; then came a remarkably handsome waitress, who, after much bowing, and many polite questions, went out for refreshments. First, confectionery was brought in (for in Japan this precedes every thing else), and, after that, soup, boiled rice, eggs, sea-weed, and stewed clams. . . If I had previously had any prejudice against Oriental cooking, it vanished with that dinner and never returned, not even in the heart of China. Two really pretty and graceful girls waited on us as though we had been Japanese officers, even to lighting for us the tiny pipes of fragrant tobacco."

Our second illustration, "a promenade in Yeddo," represents a portion of that part of the great city which is called by the Japanese Sin-Yosiwara, and is said to be, for the most part, an abode of sin indeed. It is the Bohemian quarter, the residence of the *demi-monde*, and of the disreputable though not impoverished classes. It contains many elegant houses of entertainment, of the kind called *gankiro* by the Japanese, for which we have no exact equivalent unless it be the Italian *casino*. These houses are frequented by people of the highest rank, who are sumptuously entertained in them, and pass long hours in conversation and in a variety of amusements, including theatrical performances and the tricks of jugglers. Here, also, are to be found picture-galleries comprising the best specimens of Japanese art. One striking peculiarity of the promenade in Sin-Yosiwara, represented in our illustration, is, that none are allowed to walk there but the inmates



A PROMENADE IN YEDDO.

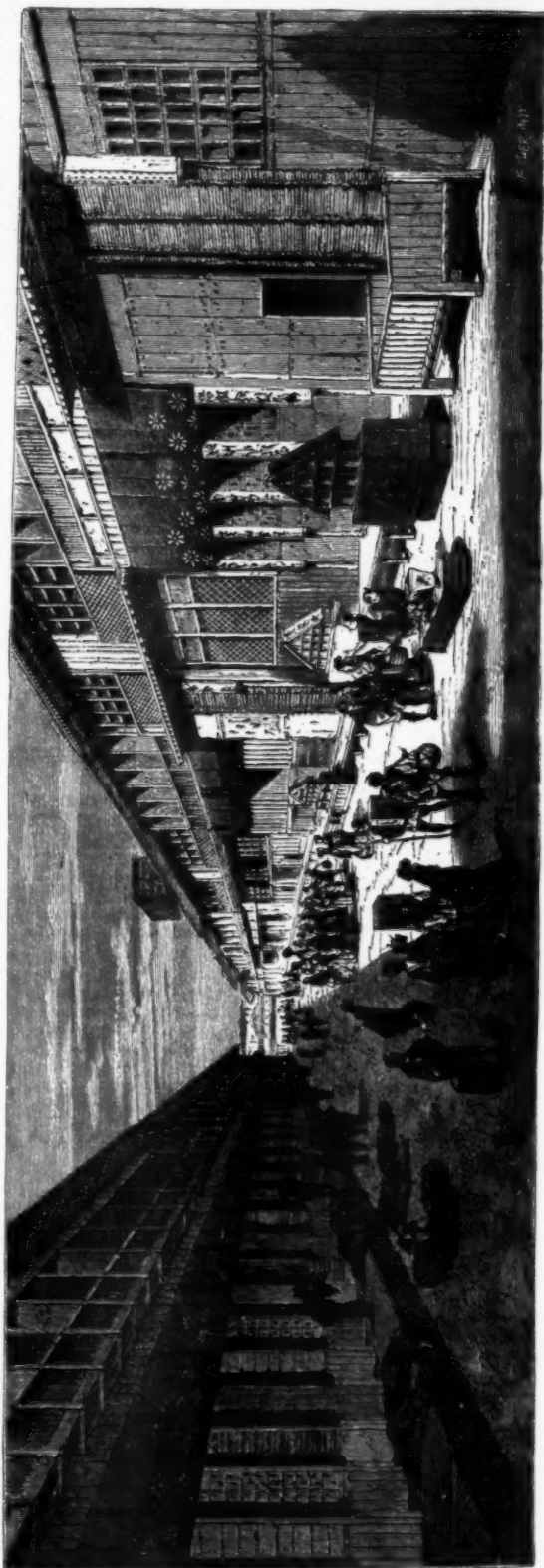
and the guests of the adjacent houses, and that these while sauntering in this place consider themselves absolved from the usual ceremonies of Japanese society, and pass and repass each other without the formal salutations and prostrations which everywhere else are so indispensable in Japan. European and American visitors thus far have been rigorously excluded from Sin-Yosiwara.

The street in Yeddo, which forms the subject of our third Japanese illustration, is in the mercantile quarter of the city, where the buildings are compact, and comparatively regular. The streets are broad and clean, and are generally well thronged with people, for the Japanese pass much of their time in the open air. In the aristocratic quarters, on the contrary, there is very little visible animation. The daimios, or princes, reside in large parks, surrounded by high walls, or rather by the fortified barracks of their retainers, which present on the outside only long walls, rarely broken by external doors or windows. In this quarter every thing is on a large scale. The roads are broad and well made, the parks planted with groves of ancient trees, interspersed with sheets of ornamental water, and the palaces, though not imposing in height, of great extent and of quaint architecture. Professor Pumpelly says: "One feature that struck me was the abundance of large trees, many of them primeval forest-pines, which met the eye at every turn, crowning the low hills, or rising from the grounds of a daimio's *yashiki*. The enclosures are very large, and one may ride for miles between the low, black barracks that surround them. Of the space enclosed, only a casual glimpse is vouchsafed by an open gateway. In these enclosures many small standing armies are scattered through Yeddo, and it is said that military drill and artillery practice are kept up here as regularly as among Western armies."

#### THE PASSION-PLAY IN THE HIGHLANDS OF BAVARIA.

AT Ober-Ammergau, a little village on the border of Bavaria and Tyrol, there is given, every ten years, a series of representations depicting the sacred drama of the Passion of our Lord. The last representation was given in 1860, and the next will occur during the present year. The first performance will take place on Whitsunday (June 5th), and from this date until the middle of September it will be acted at regular intervals. The time occupied is usually from eight in the morning until half-past four in the afternoon, with an interval of an hour at noon for rest. At one time—in the middle of the last century—there was hardly a village in those parts that had not its own distinctive representations, and Passion Week was the time appointed for the performance. But in course of time they lost much of their primitive character; burlesque element began to mingle with the serious, so that, in 1779, an edict was issued condemning them. An exception, however, was made in favor of the passion-play as acted in the village of Ober-Ammergau, where it was shown that the sacred drama had been rendered at regular intervals for one hundred and fifty years, in accordance with a vow registered in 1633, when the village was afflicted with a pestilence—the plague, according to tradition, having been stayed in consequence of the pious vow—and because, under the direction of the monks in a neighboring monastery, the play had always been enacted with becoming piety and decorum.

The performers in this strange drama number about five hundred; and one and all, from the child of two or three years old who appears among the Israelites in the desert, to the oldest man among the elders in the Sanhedrin, they belong to Ober-Ammergau. The principal performers are selected on account of their holy life, and consecrated to their work with prayer. The theatre is an immense wooden structure, erected on the outskirts of the village, and laid out to hold eight or nine thousand people. The performance consists of a succession of tableaux and scenes, each tableau selected from a subject in the Old Testament, and designed as a type to prefigure the scene that follows: as, for instance, a tableau shows Jacob's sons conspiring against Joseph, and this prefigures a scene depicting the high-priests and elders taking counsel to bring Jesus into their power. A chorus, after the manner of the Greek drama, chant a recitative explanatory of each typical tableau. A writer in *Blackwood*, who witnessed the performance of the drama in 1860, has given a full description of it, from which we condense an account of a few of the more striking scenes. The unstudied and simple actors in the sacred drama seem, according to this writer's report, to exercise a control over their auditors that ac-



A STREET IN YEDDO.



complished dramatic artists might well envy. "To convey a true idea of it in writing," he says, "or to form an adequate conception of its simple grandeur without personally seeing it, is impossible. It was a sight which no man, whatever may have been his education or his religious opinions, could look upon without some feeling, and without carrying away a deep and lasting impression." The first acted scene, which followed a tableau representing Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise, was Christ's entrance into Jerusalem. This the writer from whom we quote describes as follows:

"The wide streets of the city represented begin to fill with men and women, all in Oriental costumes. They appear to be descending the steep green slope of the Mount of Olives, at the outskirts of Jerusalem. In long procession, singing with innumerable voices a triumphal chant, and waving long branches of palm-trees and green boughs in their hands, they file in. And now, as the leaders of the gay assemblage come winding through the distant streets in the background, advancing toward the front, the music swells in volume and in tone, and seems to come nearer to the audience. The enthusiasm of the great multitude increases—children come in dancing merrily, and strewing flowers upon the path; and men and women are spreading garments on the ground for the feet of some great one to tread. Then, in the farthest background, appears Christ, meek and lowly amid all the pageant, riding humbly on an ass, and followed in order by the twelve Apostles. As he appears, even above the notes of the triumphant music and the loud hosannas, you seem to feel a thrill pass through the dense crowd of spectators in the rustic theatre. There appears to be a momentary cessation of the slightest sound, almost of the breathing of wellnigh eight thousand people. Every sense of every man and woman in that great mass of human beings seems concentrated on the single figure that had appeared, and for a moment every one seems struck as if by some mysterious agency, and rendered powerless. It is impossible to convey any idea of the strange impression produced by the appearance of this man who represented the character of Christ. It was utterly unlike any impression which could be made by any other spectacle or theatrical representation. It seemed to be a strange mixture of reverential awe and curious mysterious interest which probably no one present could have power to analyze. The appearance of the actor, no doubt, had something to do with the effect. And it was altogether favorable to the illusion that it was Christ himself who had suddenly appeared in the midst of the assembly. He had the mild and pensive eye, the pale olive complexion, the finely-moulded features, intellectual forehead, and soft brown hair and beard, which, since the days of Cimabue and Perugino, are stereotyped as characteristic of Jesus Christ. Add to that the long, flowing purple vesture, the rich crimson mantle, and the well-known Eastern sandals, represented in the pictures of the old masters, and it seemed almost as if one of these old pictures had been endowed with life; or perhaps as if the glass of time had moved backward eighteen hundred years, and we were living and acting in the greatest drama that this world has ever known."

The scene that followed illustrated all the incidents in Christ's career, from the time of His entrance into Jerusalem to the crucifixion and resurrection. In the earlier part of the drama—it was divided into two distinct parts, requiring about four hours each for representation—the most effective scenes were the entrance into Jerusalem and the Last Supper. But we have space only to quote the description of the Crucifixion:

"From this time till the close, the tragedy solemnly and gradually went deepening on. And, even though all were in a manner prepared for the climax, yet when it came there was something about it so preternaturally real and painful, that no preparation was altogether adequate. You saw Jesus, his hands bound behind his back, dragged now to Annas, now to Caiaphas, then to the Roman governor, and from him to Herod. You saw the soldiers buffet him, it appeared brutally, from one to another. They scourged him, and you heard the stripes falling upon his back. They set him on a rude prison-stool, and they crowned him with the crown of thorns, and put a purple robe upon him, and a reed in his hand, and they hailed him in derision as their king. It was a matter of curious interest to note the effect that this exhibition seemed to have upon the audience. To them it appeared wonderful that the soldiers could have been brought to act such parts; and the whole race of men seemed hateful when contrasted with the chief character, who throughout all the persecution bore his sufferings in long-enduring silence, and with no trace of anger. And these feelings were intensified as the play wore on. But it was not until Christ appeared, worn out with fatigue and pain, toiling up the slope of Calvary, and bearing laboriously the heavy wooden cross on which he was to suffer—until the nails were driven in, and until the man on whom the sympathy of every one had been concentrated through the various scenes of glory and humiliation, was raised upon the cross—that the full reality and horror of

the tragic history came before the mind. Then, in that great assembly of near eight thousand people, it appeared as if there was not a single eye which was not fixed with steadfast attention upon the man crucified. The minds of all seemed strangely wrapped up in the contemplation of the spectacle, and a thrill of pity seemed to pass through their hearts. No ordinary theatrical effects could excite any thing approaching to the sensation produced by this scene. The religious feelings were uppermost, and man's inmost sympathies were called out by the mysterious significance of the whole performance. You heard the nails driven through his hands into the hard wood, and could almost feel the piercing. You saw the form of the man, whose life you had been watching, stretched upon the cross, his head crowned with the sharp thorns, the wounds still bleeding; but even yet his countenance bore that unutterable expression of majesty and meekness which has ever been associated with all our traditional conceptions of Jesus Christ. With strange emotions you gazed upon the executioners, as upon wild beasts, when they tore his mantle into shreds, and cast lots for his vesture; and the Jewish race appeared hateful in your eyes, as you watched them gathering round the cross, looking on the man they had crucified, and railing at him, and taunting him with his powerlessness and his pain. Then, for the first time, you seemed to understand the significance of those ungovernable explosions that in the history of the middle ages one reads of, when sudden outbursts of hatred against the Hebrew race have taken place, and have been followed by cruelties and barbarities unexampled in history. Just such a feeling seemed excited in this Ammergau audience by this representation. But even yet you could hardly realize the fact that it was the man himself who had been for the last eight hours a moving actor among these very men, until he opened his lips, and in his own familiar voice addressed the penitent thief upon his right. Then all doubt was dispelled. But for an instant as he spoke the sensation produced was indescribable. People, men and women, sitting near, became white, as if their hearts had ceased to beat and their blood ran cold, and unconsciously drops of perspiration seemed to well out upon their foreheads as in a nightmare. And then, when the well-known words 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?' were pronounced in a deep voice by him from the cross, and a moment later, as the sounds 'Es ist vollbracht!' ('It is finished!') issued from his lips, and his head dropped upon his breast, it seemed as if the multitude could hardly move or breathe. Throughout the large assemblage at this moment, there was no movement perceptible—nothing but a dead solemnity, and cessation of all action and all life.

"Unimpressible as the Bavarian highlanders are, and little given to demonstration, and accustomed as the Tyrolese have ever been to see coarse, material representations of our Lord in every form and at every turning of the remotest glens among their mountains, yet this living representation elicited from each and all of them some exhibition that could not be controlled. Not that there was any individual expression more conspicuously discernible than another, but a sort of contagious emotion seemed to pass through the whole building, and to affect all who were therein—that sort of emotion which quivers through the body like an electric shock, and which indicates more truly than any mere outward manifestation the feelings that are at work within.

"The remainder of the spectacle, though conducted with the same unremitting care and studied attention to minute detail, was less effective. The feelings, which had been so tensely strung and kept upon the strain, seemed to relax and die away as Christ's head fell upon his breast. The attention was wearied and difficult to control, and the interest almost imperceptibly began to flag."

The propriety of exhibitions of this character will, of course, be denied by those imbued with Protestant feelings, growing up in Protestant traditions, and with a Protestant horror of any actual representation of any of the sacred characters. But the writer from whom we quote well says:

"In considering the Passion-drama among the Bavarians, and its probable effects upon its listeners, it must be remembered that both actors and spectators have been accustomed from childhood to see in their churches, in their homes, and on every wayside, statues and pictures and representations of all the most suggestive incidents in the life of Christ. The deep religious reverence for such things, innate in the hearts of these mountaineers, is something unknown in Protestant and less remote Catholic countries. No one can form any conception of the sacred feelings with which the forms of our Lord and of the Virgin, however coarsely delineated, are regarded in those mountain districts, until he has wandered through the secluded valleys and more distant glens of the Tyrol or the Bavarian highlands. There, at every turning, he meets some little chapel to the Virgin, some wooden figure of Christ crucified, a simple cross to show the way or mark the summit of a mountain-pass, or some pictured tablet to commemorate a fatal accident, and to beg the passer-by to offer up a prayer for the soul of some sufferer in purgatory. He cannot enter the poorest room in the most miserable chalet in the mountains without seeing some rude painting of the

Virgin and the Son decorated with wild flowers and with beads, and underneath a little crystal glass for holy-water.

"Among such things the peasants of these uplands have been born and reared, until they are part and parcel of their daily life. And the absence of these symbols would strike the senses of such men with something the same force that their presence too often strikes upon the mind of an educated Protestant until he becomes familiar with them."

## A P A R T .

### I.

COME not with empty words that say,  
 "Your strength of manhood wastes away  
 In long, ignoble, fruitless years!"  
 I live apart from pain and tears,  
 Wherewith the ways of men are sown—  
 Nor dwell I loveless, and alone;  
 One tender spirit shares my days,  
 One voice is swift to yield me praise,  
 One true heart beats against my own!  
 What more, what more could man desire  
 Than Love that burns a steadfast fire,  
 And Faith that ever leads him higher  
 Along the paths which point to peace?

### II.

Oh, far and faint I hear the din  
 Of battle-blows, and mortal sin  
 From out the stir and press of life;  
 Those hollow, muffled sounds of strife  
 Seem rolled from thunder-clouds upcurled  
 About a dim and distant world,  
 Below me, in the sunless gloom;  
 But round my brow the amaranths bloom  
 Of sober joy with heart's-ease furled;  
 For more, what more can man desire  
 Than Love, that burns a steadfast fire,  
 And Faith, which ever leads him higher,  
 Where all the jars of earth shall cease?

### III.

A present glory haunts my way,  
 A promise of diviner day  
 Illumes the flushed horizon's verge;  
 And fainter, farther still the surge  
 Of buffeting waves that beat and roar  
 Up the dim world's tempestuous shore  
 Beneath me in the moonless air;  
 Alas, its passions, sorrows, cares!  
 Alas, its fathomless despair!  
 Yet dreams, vague dreams they seem to me,  
 On these clear heights of liberty,  
 These summits of serene desire—  
 Whence Love ascends, a quenchless fire,  
 And sweet Faith ever leads me higher  
 To pearly paths of perfect peace!

## THE POOR DIPLOMATISTS.

TOWARD the close of last year the English Secretary of State sent a circular to her majesty's representatives at foreign courts, requesting answers to the following question:

"I wish to receive your opinion as to the estimated amount of expenditure which the junior members of your diplomatic establishment are obliged to incur for their lodging and maintenance, with reference to their social position in the place of their residence. And if such information can be obtained, I should also be glad to know whether the general style of living among the society in which the members of the diplomatic body are in the habit of mixing is more moderate or more expensive now than it was in 1850."

The replies received have been printed, and we find a summary of

some of them in an English journal. From our own capital we find only the meagre statement that rents in Washington have doubled or trebled within twenty years. Mr. Thornton states that small houses near his own residence which let for six hundred dollars in 1850, now let for eighteen hundred dollars.

Lord Bloomfield writes from Vienna:

"I should say that the purchasing value of money has diminished in Vienna proportionally more than in any other capital during the last ten years; and I am decidedly of opinion that none of the junior members of this embassy can maintain the position assigned to them in Vienna society by their connection with a great embassy without largely exceeding their official salary; and, owing to the very high rate of house-rent, and the increased cost of all the necessaries of life, the expense of living at Vienna must, of course, be considerably greater in the case of married secretaries or *attachés*. House-rent is now double what it was twenty years ago, servants' wages one-half more, the cost of living generally seventy or eighty per cent. more than it was in 1850."

Mr. West, secretary of the embassy at Paris, writes:

"In round figures the cost of living, having regard to the social position to which, I presume, it refers, may be taken to have been, for a young man in the diplomatic service in 1850, three hundred and thirty pounds a year. At the present time the same expenses may be calculated at six hundred pounds a year, while at the same time the incidental expenses entailed by social position have increased in proportion. In making this statement I have been careful to estimate the expenses for a mode of life which, while sufficient for the calls of the social position occupied, would not in any way admit of a departure from economical habits and pursuits, or allow even of keeping horse or carriage. I have made minute inquiries of persons whose experience of living in Paris justifies me in believing that they are competent to give reliable information on the subject, and who may be capable of fairly estimating the necessary expenses for the maintenance of the position under consideration."

Sir Augustus Paget reports from Florence:

"In regard to house-rent, I have thought the fairest mode of comparison would be to ascertain what was paid about the year 1850 for the house which I myself inhabit. The Prince de Montfort (King Jérôme) paid for the whole of the first floor, with some very fine rooms on the *rez-de-chaussée*, all unfurnished, the sum of one thousand piasters, equal to five thousand six hundred francs. I pay at the present time, for part of the first and second floors, with five rooms very partially furnished, but without the rooms alluded to on the *rez-de-chaussée*, sixteen thousand francs, and I am now in negotiation for three extra rooms in lieu of the present Chancery, which, I am sorry to say, experience shows to be inadequate for its purpose; and if I am successful my total rent will amount to sixteen thousand five hundred francs, or sixty pounds a year more, for a house with only some rooms partially furnished, than the allowance for house-rent which I receive from the Foreign Office, and which, I presume, is intended to find me with a completely-furnished house. I find, on inquiry, that my colleagues of the great powers pay in the same proportion."

Mr. Locock, secretary of legation, writing from the Hague, says:

"Taking all things into consideration, I have arrived at the conviction that, though a man may just manage to get along, if single, with five hundred pounds a year of his own, or, if married, with one thousand pounds, while he is fortunate enough to be named to one of the less expensive courts, yet he will never be able to meet the heavy extra expenses which will occasionally stare him in the face. Before long he will certainly find himself hard up, and will either have to run into debt, refuse every expensive post to which it might otherwise be desirable to send him, or adopt a style of living below that of his foreign colleagues—a proceeding as painful to himself as detrimental to his efficiency as a public servant. If he be a man of position at home, this advantage (a very great one in the diplomatic service) may help him in some ways; but the struggle will not be less a disagreeable one to himself. A man who has a title, and who has been accustomed to mix with his equals in England, has certainly immense advantages in the diplomatic profession over another who has not. But even this will not take the place of the private fortune which is an absolute necessity to supplement the one hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds per annum, which is the utmost he can look for in the shape of salary during any portion of the first ten or twelve years of his career."

Mr. Thurlow, another secretary of the legation at the Hague, writes as follows:

"My rent has undergone an increase of ten pounds each year. My landlord will ask a higher rent at the expiration of the present year. My pay has not increased during my residence here, but has remained stationary at two hundred and fifty pounds per annum. The working

classes usually calculate their house-rent at about one-seventh of their wages. If this calculation were applied to my case, my total expenditure would appear to be one thousand four hundred pounds a year, or five times and three-fifths my official salary. The only practical moral, however, to be drawn from the incontrovertible fact is that it is impossible for a subordinate diplomatic agent of eleven years' service like myself to live under twice his pay if unmarried, and five or six times his pay if married."

Mr. Odo Russell writes from Rome:

"I beg to state that my own salary on first establishing at Rome was six hundred pounds per annum, and I had accordingly to find bachelor lodgings, including an office-room for her majesty's archives, at one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and to dine at *table d'hôte* at five francs a head, without wine, which cost me on an average, including waiters, about seventy pounds a year. With all possible economy, I found that weekly bills, comprising a man-servant's wages, breakfast, luncheon, lighting, firing, washing, etc., could not be kept lower than one pound a day, or three hundred and sixty-five pounds a year. I was, therefore, living at the rate of five hundred and eighty-five pounds per annum, but I am bound to add that the remaining fifteen pounds in no way sufficed to cover income tax, agency, stationery, and all the extra expenses which diplomatic duties and social position involve."

Mr. Russell's salary was afterward increased, probably in consequence of a question put to the government in the House of Lords by Lord Stanhope, who asked whether an agent obliged to take lodgings on a fourth floor could be expected to speak with any authority in the name of England.

Sir Andrew Buchanan, her majesty's ambassador at St. Petersburg, writes home:

"As to the expenses which the junior members of her majesty's embassy are obliged to incur for their lodging and maintenance, I have recently had an opportunity of forming an opinion from the result of the inquiries which Mr. Egerton has been making on the subject. It appears that the rent of the smallest furnished apartment to be procured amounts to about one hundred and fifty pounds a year, while that of two furnished rooms in the highest story of an hotel would amount to about one hundred and ninety pounds a year; and that the gentlemen of the embassy, being unwilling to incur the expense of purchasing furniture, generally consider it the most economical plan to take rooms at the hotel which they frequent for their meals. If, therefore, the cost of lodging be one hundred and ninety pounds, and that of maintenance be calculated at one hundred and forty pounds, a servant at sixty pounds, and a carriage at two hundred and forty pounds, these four items would amount to six hundred and thirty pounds, without any allowance for washing, dress, and the various minor expenses which are daily incurred by every gentleman living in society. I think, therefore, he would be a very careful and economical person who could live for eight hundred pounds a year. The price paid for little things generally excites the surprise of strangers visiting St. Petersburg."

From these statements, it appears that the average expenses of the junior members of a legation at a European court cannot be less than three thousand dollars a year. And yet the secretaries of our American legations are paid only eighteen hundred dollars a year. Obviously their salaries are wholly inadequate, and the country ought to withdraw its legations or pay them decent wages.

### GLEANINGS.

**KISSING** was introduced into Rome, according to Pliny, as a means of detecting the ladies who were given to wine; a practice contrary, on their part, to old hereditary delicacy.

**THE SIGN OF THE CROSS** is made by the Russians before the labors of the day begin, by drivers before taking the reins, by persons passing a church, and by merchants when they begin a bargain.

**TEMPER.**—All other things relating to us are preserved with care, and have some art or economy belonging to them; that which is nearest related to us, and on which our happiness depends, is alone committed to chance, and temper is the only thing ungoverned, which governs the rest.—*Shafesbury*.

**SOCIALISM.**—In the twelfth century, Wang-gan-chi reduced socialism to practice on a large scale in China. He made the state the manager of commerce, fixed the price of provisions, and made the rich pay the taxes. Tribunals were appointed to decide who were rich and who were poor; they assigned land to the farmers, and loaned the seed.—*Huc*.

**MUSIC.**—Alfieri, before he wrote, prepared his mind by listening to

music. Lord Bacon, Milton, and Warburton, wrote with the aid of music. Bourdaloue, or Massillon, was once found playing on a violin to screw his mind up to the pitch, preparatory to the sermon which he was to preach before the court. Curran meditated with his violin in his hand.—*Disraeli*.

**GÖTHE** wrote many of his most exquisite lyrics under the inspiration of his attachment to Anna Münich, and sent them simultaneously to the young lady and to the newspaper.

**USELESS CITIZENS.**—"There are some members of a community," said the witty and sagacious Thomas Bradbury, "that are like a crumb in the throat—if they go the right way they afford but little nourishment, but if they happen to go the wrong way they give a great deal of trouble."

**SOCIAL EQUALITY.**—Dr. Johnson and Dr. Sumner were dining with many other persons at Mrs. Macauley's. She had talked a long time at dinner about the natural equality of mankind. When she had finished her harangue, Johnson rose up from the table, and, with great solemnity of countenance and a low bow to the ground, said to the servant, who was waiting behind his chair: "Mr. John, pray be seated in my place, and permit me to wait on you in my turn. Your mistress says, you hear, that we are all equal."—*Sir John Hawkins*.

**CASUS BELLI.**—A dispute between a tradesman and a soldier about a pair of shoes caused a civil war in Alexandria of thirteen years' duration.—*Gibbon*.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH.**—There can be no doubt that a number of as noble men as ever stood on the earth did worship this woman, fight for her, toil for her, risk all for her, with a pure, chivalrous affection, which to us furnished one of the most beautiful pages in all the books of history.—*Carlyle*.

### ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

**SOMEWHAT** more than a third of a century ago an English lady, already well known in her own country as a writer of talent, visited the United States, and on returning home published her impressions of our republic. Mrs. Trollope's book found a wide sale, and was written with so much spirit that it was quoted everywhere. It caused what we now call a "sensation," on this side of the Atlantic as well as the other. The book was felt to be a caricature, and was the less likely to be esteemed by Americans, as its caricatures and its general judgment were adverse both to our political system and our social manners. It was looked upon as indorsing all the absurd prejudices which even intelligent Englishmen held concerning us. Mrs. Trollope left two sons, to maintain and enhance the literary fame of the family. Her husband was a well-esteemed but not eminent London barrister. Of the sons, Thomas Adolphus Trollope, a novelist of considerable merit, and the historian of the Florentine Commonwealth, was the elder; and Anthony Trollope, the subject of this sketch, was the second. Although the elder brother began his literary career long before the younger, and has, perhaps, written a larger number of works, Anthony has within the last fifteen years far outstripped him in fame as a novelist, and has proved himself to be the most talented member of a talented family. While T. Adolphus Trollope, who published his first book in 1840, has made it his favorite line in literature to illustrate Italy by histories and fictions, Anthony Trollope has preferred to depict almost exclusively English society, and a phase of English society hitherto but scantily illustrated by the novelists. Bulwer, Dickens, and Thackeray, seemed to have exhausted modern English life as a field for fiction; but Trollope discovered that after all they had left every-day, and what may be called "common-place," English society, in its little details and ordinary incidents, open to be treated by another hand, and he found that he could portray the formerly unobtrusive and little known "clerical" and "cathedral-town" society, so as to give it, by his treatment, an altogether novel interest.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE is now fifty-five years of age, having been born in 1815, and being three years younger than Dickens. He was educated at the Winchester and Harrow Schools, but did not graduate at either of the universities. Early in life he entered the British civil service, and was appointed to a clerkship in the General Post-Office, in which department he remained, being gradually promoted to the higher grade of clerkships, until his resignation a year ago. He began his contributions to literature when he was about twenty, and published his first tale, "The Macdermotts of Ballycloran," in 1847.



He did not at first achieve a wide reputation; he had long to be content to rank with the second and third rate novelists of the day. It was not until within fifteen years that he came to be considered a rival to Bulwer, Dickens, and Reade; but now he is, with a very large and intelligent reading public in England, the most popular of living novelists. In 1848, he published "The Kellys and O'Kellys;" in 1850, "La Vendée, an Historical Romance;" in 1855, "The Warden;" in 1857, "Barchester Towers"—which first made him generally known and liked in America, and which gave him a high rank in England—and "The Three Clerks;" in 1858, "Doctor Thorne;" in 1859, "The Bertrams;" in 1860, "Castle Richmond;" in 1861, "Framley Parsonage;" in 1862, "Orley Farm;" in 1864, "Can You Forgive Her?" in 1865, "The Little House at Allington," and "The Belton Estate;" in 1869, "The Vicar of Bullhampton," and "The Irish Member;" and he is now publishing in serials, in England and the United States, "Ralph the Heir." No English novelist, within the past ten years, has been so prolific; and it may be added that none has more steadily maintained and enhanced his reputation. Besides these longer works of fiction, Trollope published in 1859 "The West Indies and the Spanish Main;" in 1861, "Tales of all Countries," in two serials; in 1862, "North America;" in 1865, "Hunting Sketches;" contributed in the first instance to the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and in 1866, "Clergymen of the Church of England." Some two years since *St. Paul's*, a monthly magazine, was started in London, and Trollope became its editor, which he still continues to be. Under his management *St. Paul's* at once took high rank among periodicals of its class, and may now fairly be considered a rival of *Macmillan's* and the *Cornhill*. Several of Trollope's stories have appeared in this magazine; and besides these, he has occasionally made brief contributions to its pages. The series now going on, and entitled "An Editor's Tales," is written by him, and has attracted much attention on both sides of the Atlantic. Trollope's "North America," written after his sojourn in the United States, about the time of the beginning of the rebellion, was what might have been expected from a novelist, and from one who felt that he owed, in the language of an English review, "a good turn to America," and that he should write "with a full sense of his mother's sins resting upon him." The book proved to be not at all a philosophical essay on republican government. He

abstained from that English tendency, when writing about America, to make notes, commentaries, and *addenda* to M. De Tocqueville's "Democracy." He likewise avoided the Charybdis of caricature; and set out, at least, with the idea of making a description pure and simple of what he saw and heard in Yankee-land. He understood well the bounds of his field; here and there, indeed, we have advice and recommendations, of which English writers are so lavish on our behalf, and which, at least, are welcome substitutes for the "sly satire" and amazing misrepresentations of the mother. In describing what he saw and heard, Trollope went much more into detail than any of his predecessors, and gave the English reader a much clearer idea of our social life than Dickens or other caricaturists. Americans will at once say that, after all, the book is too *external* in its views, and that prob-

ably no foreigner, unless he has long lived among us, can be able to present the inner life of American society as we know it to be in fact. It must be considered as intended to be a high compliment, when Trollope says of American women, "They are as lovely as *our own women*." He adds that they are not bashful.

As a novelist, Trollope is a true artist, and, in what is a very difficult branch of art, a true artist of the commonplace. He completely rejects many of the old dogmas which novelists were wont formerly to accept as axioms upon which to build their characters and plots. He violates the law by which heroes and heroines must be spotless, faultless, no less beautiful in form than in heart and head. Hero and heroine with him are mortals, living right among us, committing faults,

making mistakes, sometimes sinning. First love, with him, is not the only possible love, and is not incurable. Young ladies in his novels, fall in love a second time with a success which must give a sweet balm to such of his lady readers as have been "disappointed" once, and are wondering whether they shall ever "get over it." He avoids the sensational and dramatic, preferring to portray the drama of feeling in every-day life, rather than bringing out violent methods to compel a "breathless interest." As a character-painter, he is very remarkable, for his touches are light and rapid, the colors are simple rather than vivid, the outline graceful rather than bold or striking. He writes with a true delicacy of thought, feeling, and expression. In the description of outward circumstances and surroundings, it would be hard to say who, among living novelists, is his equal, for the *naturalness* of



ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

the picture, which is brought before one without effort, and so easily and distinctly that one need not think before seeing exactly how things are. Trollope is far from profound; he lacks the brilliancy of Bulwer, the eccentric vividness of Reade, the inimitable humor of Dickens, and the bold satire of Thackeray. Between the best of his characters and the worst there is only a degree of shade, which is warranted by the fact of the every-day world around him. We are especially indebted to him for the pictures of that clerical and cathedral society which he is so fond of giving, which afford us many new hints of the character and position of the Established Church of England, and which open to us a phase of English life of which most of us had but the dimmest conception, and about which many of us were in the darkness of complete ignorance. Trollope aspired, in 1868, to a seat in Parliament, as Thackeray had done before him. He was the Liberal candidate in one of the provincial constituencies, but was not successful. Before his candidature, he had visited the United States for the second time, now as an agent of the British Post-Office, to confer with our own department in relation to a reduction of postage between the two countries.

### A NEW ROUTE FOR TOURISTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ANDES AND THE AMAZON."

WITHOUT disputing the pleasure and profit of a European trip, we desire to have it known that a fresh field for travel and adventure has recently been opened in the New World. We refer to the equatorial portion of South America.

The route does not bristle with hoary castles, "the lingering romance of the Middle Ages;" it is not classic with ancient memories and legendary tales, "the land of lost gods and godlike men;" no treasures of art nor architectural piles arrest the eye of the traveller. Instead of fabled sprites and mermaids, there are *bona-fide* alligators and anacondas; for vine-clad hills are rough *sierras* in primeval wildness; graceful palms and sculptured mountains take the place of cathedrals; while volcanic fires and earthquakes offset the avalanches and glaciers of the Alps. But we are not willing to allow that the pure nature as exhibited on the Andes and the Amazon is a whit behind the combined art and nature of Europe in its power to please, inform, and elevate the mind, and "to fill the thirst of the human heart for the beauty of God's working." Of course, this remark is true only of those who can commune with Nature (for she hath a soul as well as features), in whom, to quote John Foster, a creation infinitely rich with grand and beautiful objects, imparting something more than images to the mind, inspires an exquisite sentiment that seems like the emanation of a spirit. Indeed, travel anywhere was not invented for those who having eyes see not, and having hearts feel not.

Now, in South America, Nature has framed her works on a gigantic scale. All her adjectives are superlatives. Her sublime congregation of mountains, plains, and rivers, is unrivalled. He who sails upon the Amazon sails upon the largest river in the world, and through a forest unparalleled in extent. Talk not of such a forest as a solitary place. Did you ever try to read in the woods? And did you not "find tongues in trees" that called you away from the brightest page of human genius? We pity the man, the atmosphere of whose heart is so misty and stormy, that he can stand within the luxuriant forest of the Amazon and sigh—"O Solitude, where are thy charms?" He who is fairly awake can never fall asleep over the immensity and diversity of the glorious vegetation beside the Great River. And then, as you ascend toward the sources, you behold from some commanding point the vast evergreen forest falling in deep folds from the slopes of the Andes, as royal robes from a monarch's shoulders. What if the route we are to describe is not lined with Babel towers and crowded cities? Can any human architecture compete in impressiveness with the architecture of the Andes? It is impossible to examine the structure of such a mountain-system without concluding with Ruskin that "it has been prepared in order to unite as far as possible, and in the closest compass, every means of delighting and sanctifying the heart of man."

"These great cathedrals of the earth, with their gates of rock, pavements of cloud, choirs of stream and stone, altars of snow, and vaults of purple, traversed by the continual stars," are sanctuaries of ravishing magnificence and splendor. The sea-like Amazon is the symbol of repose; the riven Andes is the emblem of convulsive energy

—"rising like vast supernatural intelligences taking a material shape and drawing around themselves a drapery of awful grandeur." If a traveller can ascend the one and cross the other without having his soul filled with a new world of ideas and sentiments, verily his sight must be a vacant stare, and his heart a nether-millstone.

Nor is this route utterly barren of history. Who has not heard of Orellana's famous voyage from Quito to Pará? Who has not wept over the tragic episodes in the strange fortunes of the Incas, and read with indignation yet with intensest interest the chronicles of Pizarro and his iron-hearted adventurers in search of the Gilded King—chronicles more wonderful than Eastern romance, yet historically true?

In the following itinerary of a tour across South America, we describe a route which may be followed in perfect safety, with the least difficulty and the greatest satisfaction. In our judgment, the journey is as healthful as a pilgrimage to Egypt, and far more refreshing than any number of wanderings in the Adirondacks.

Every month a "floating palace" leaves New York for the empire of the South. Suppose you engage passage by the steamer of July 23d for Pará; fare, one hundred and fifty dollars, gold? The following Saturday will find you in the harbor of St. Thomas; and, passing the beautiful islands of Martinique and Barbadoes, on Sunday, the 7th of August, you will step upon the wharf of Pará. At the Hotel Italiana you will pay two dollars and fifty cents a day; at the Hotel Diana, two dollars. The architecture, commerce, costumes, customs, and suburbs (especially Nazareth) of this motley city cannot fail to keep you busy, while profitable excursions might be made to the island of Marajo and up the Tocantins. About the 18th you will board one of the Brazilian steamers bound for Manaus; fare, fifty-four dollars; time, six days. In this voyage of a thousand miles, you will discover the marvellous wealth of tropical vegetation, and make your first acquaintance with the King of Rivers. The steamer stops frequently, and four or five hours on the average at each place. The principal points of interest are busy Breves, the enchanting channel of Tajapurú, the table-hills of Almeirim, the romantic port of Monte Alegre, stately Santarem, picturesque Obidos, and enterprising Serpa. Unless one has been opened recently, you will find no hotel at Manaus; but there are rooms to let, and several *cafés*. Do not fail to have a row on the Rio Negro, and to visit the cascade in the forest. September 12th you will embark on the beautiful "Icamiaba" (well deserving the praises of Bate and Agassiz), and enjoy another charming voyage of a thousand miles. Fare, forty-five dollars; time, six or eight days, according to freight. The most important places on the Middle Amazon are Ega (the half-way station across the continent), Fonte Boa, and San Paulo. Tabatinga, the terminus of this voyage, is the frontier-fortress of Brazil. Here you exchange steamers, boarding the Peruvian "Morona" or "Pastassa," which will leave Tabatinga for Yurimaguas, on the Huallaga, September 21st; fare, seventy dollars. The steamer runs only in the daytime, and stops at numerous points, so that you will have a fine opportunity of studying the wild exuberance of Nature on the Upper Amazon, where the forest is more magnificent than lower down. The places of chief interest are Mancallacta, Iquitos, and Nanta. At Iquitos, an enterprising village of two thousand souls, the steamer stops six days. Here are the government iron-works of Peru, carried on by English mechanics. You will reach Yurimaguas, October 5th. The tables of the Amazonian steamers are spread with every luxury; but now you must put up with plain living.

From Yurimaguas you may follow Herndon's track if you choose, taking canoe up the Huallaga to Tingo Maria, and then mule to Lima. But we advise an easier route: hire a boat (ten dollars) for Balsa Puerto; time, two days. Thence foot it four days to Moyabamba. These "views a-foot" will be pleasant memories forever after, and will give you an inkling of South American life and travel. Moyabamba is a city of nearly ten thousand people, who are busy making hats. You will wish to enjoy the genial climate, and the novelty of this unfrequented spot on the slope of the Andes, for at least a week. We therefore set the time of your departure at October 17th. The price of a mule from Moyabamba to Truxillo is about thirty dollars. Glorious will be this mountain-ride

"Where Andes, giant of the Western star,  
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world."

Eight days' travel will bring you to Chachapoyas, where there are said to be pre-Incariel relics. Thence across a beautiful plateau and the head-waters of the Marañon, you will reach in seven days Caxamarca,

celebrated in the annals of the Spanish conquest by the murder of Atahualpa, and containing some magnificent ruins. From this lofty spot you will rapidly descend, and, in five days, or about November 10th, you will enter the city of Truxillo on the Pacific coast.

By the steamers of the British Navigation Company which call regularly at Truxillo, or rather at its port, Ihuanchaco, you may go to Callao or Valparaiso. But if you wish to make a round trip, take passage the 15th for San Francisco, via Panama; time, twenty days; fare, about two hundred dollars; thence by Pacific Railroad to New York, arriving during the holidays.

The entire expenses of such a tour from New York to San Francisco, across South America, need not be over seven hundred dollars, gold; time, five months. And we venture to say that you will be very ready to "compare notes" with any one who has spent twice this amount of money and time in following the beaten tracks of European travel.

### TABLE-TALK.

"THERE is some truth in the complaint," says a London journal, "that education unfits men for their natural station in life." There is, we think, very great truth in this complaint, but, as the journal from which we quote adds, "this is because we have a wrong and inelastic system of education." As education is now pursued in our common schools, a very large class of boys and girls are carefully unfitted for those vocations they naturally would be apt to follow; that is, instead of a scientific education that would strengthen their power of observation, or a practical course that would stimulate their interest in and their knowledge of those thousand subjects that enter into the industrial pursuits, they are trained in purely critical and literary methods—educated in words, and not in things; in grammar, language, and literary fastidiousness, rather than in the facts of Nature and the relation of those facts to human needs. The education of our public schools seems to presuppose that ordinary boys and girls are to be fitted for poets, authors, orators, statesmen, bankers, merchants; there is an attempt to give to the multitude the graces of an æsthetic instruction, heedless of the fact that society is interested in having intelligent mechanics, farmers, and artisans, and not over-refined literary dilettanti. The very general unwillingness of boys to apprentice themselves to the trades—the disposition current in all the youth of the present generation to adopt only those pursuits in which money can be made by wit, audacity, or chance, is greatly encouraged by our system of education. Some trades are likely to die out altogether for want of workmen, no fresh supplies coming forward to repair the waste of time. Engraving on steel is one instance: not only here, but, as we learn, in England also, this art is likely to perish for need of the trained skill to perpetuate it. All the world now wants to be merchants, lawyers, and bankers; and, in New York especially, the ambition of every boy is to get a clerkship "down-town," where he hopes an utter ignorance of every thing may escape notice under a little spruce dressing, and a dashing manner. A boy who carries about with him a mental catalogue of all the kings that ever lived, of all the battles that were ever fought, and of all the towns that are located on the maps, is pretty nearly as ignorant to any useful end as the boy who has not enjoyed the "blessings of our common-school education." Let us admit, however, that our public schools do ground boys pretty well in arithmetic, and this is important; but of all other practical things how little is taught! Years are spent upon grammar, for instance; and yet almost every boy and girl uses language in an imitative way, catching the phrases they hear or read, and very rarely modelling their style upon the rules they study. They spend time upon etymology, upon prosody, upon a hundred other refinements, of use only to the *littérateur*, and let ten thousand things of pressing importance and significance remain sealed in blankness and silence. To quote further from the journal which we cited at the beginning: "The plough-boy acquires the essentials of the art of ploughing, not while he is in school, but when horsekeeping; the same boy, however, may well learn in school a little about the animal he drives—its structure, its diseases, the mode of managing it, how it is tamed by gentleness rather than brutality. Though every such plough-boy may not be a Robert Burns, he may be taught to observe the characters and peculiarities of birds, and beasts, and plants. . . . All classes would be benefited if the future callings of youngsters were somewhat studied as they have to be

studied in schools of a higher class; if, for instance, in agricultural districts, boys were taught natural history and a few simple facts in physiology, instead of so much geography and history as is forced upon them." These comments indicate what seem to us should be the proper direction of ordinary education, less of higher literary refinements, and more of those things that would train the observing powers of children, that would stimulate their interest in the facts of Nature and science, and tend to make them intelligent laborers in the great army of producers.

— We have noticed in our city journals some deprecatory remarks of Mr. Robert J. Dillon, because, in a letter declining an appointment as Commissioner of the Central Park, he criticised what he termed the excessive artificiality of the ornamentation of the Park. "Mr. Dillon stands alone in his condemnation," says one journal; "the architectural attractions—such as the terrace, the music-stand, the bridges—have met the approval of the most fastidious and experienced eyes, have satisfied the most exacting critics." Is this quite true? We, for our part, have heard more than once a sharp criticism on the plan of the Park in its need of trees, groves, and shaded places, and in the fact that the rural character of the ground has been greatly sacrificed to art, ornamentation, and display. In each of the walks leading from the lower line of the Park to the Mall there is but little shade now, and very little provision for any in the future. The swelling knolls in the vicinity of the lower lake are set out with small shrubs and evergreens, and lie bald and naked to the sun; and, until one reaches the Mall, he meets with but very few groups of trees. The Mall itself has a noble avenue of elms; but, however admirable this promenade in time may prove, what one wants in a park is always the beautiful shade and quiet of extended groves—and this is scarcely provided for. The Mall, with its trees, its shaven lawn, its wide promenade, its terraces, summer-houses, music stand, etc., is delightful; but the trimmed and artificial beauty of this portion of the Park needs rural contrasts. The senses, jaded with the bustle and glitter of the town, long in a park for woodland seclusion; the feet, wearied with the hard, hot pavements of the town, yearn for the grass and the soft turf. As it is now, the visitor to the Park must march along gravel-walks, upon which the sun beats down hotly, and in the midst of a great, hurrying, pressing crowd, discovering but little change in the nature of the scene from Broadway or Fifth Avenue. Conceding that the terrace, the bridges, the arbors, are all beautiful, there still remains the fact that the great use of a park is to afford fresh air, green grass, and the shade of trees. Art abounds everywhere in the town; the very object of a park is that we may escape from Art to Nature. There is a disposition, moreover, to make the Park as far as possible a great show-place. Every thing must now be erected within its precincts—our art-museums, our zoological gardens, our herbariums, our picture-galleries, our menageries. There is really more dust, stir, bustle, and confusion, in Central Park on many occasions than in the city itself; and, unless one travels to the far, upper end, he fails to obtain the radical charm of a park—rural quiet. Crowds, of course, must necessarily always be found in the main avenues: but, as the Park is laid out, there are few or no side-paths, no retreats, no means of escaping from the thronged public walks. Let us have, in addition to the art-features so eloquently defended by our contemporaries, a few more shade-trees, and a few groves on those barren hills that now lie neglected and inaccessible.

— It is unmistakably evident that the female sex is gaining, step by step, a new social and industrial attitude, that will ere long very materially affect the phenomena of society, if it does not absolutely revolutionize them. As strongly indicative of the gathering momentum of this "woman movement," we cull a few items from the newspapers. One paragraph informs us that Mrs. Hall has been elected one of the school committee at Machias, Maine. Another states that Miss Garrett has lately been appointed a member of the medical staff of a London hospital. We learn of a new firm, in Terre Haute, Indiana, under the designation of Mrs. Smith & Husband. In Boston, we are told that one Carl Schoenhof and a Miss Fanny Moeller have united, under the style of Schoenhof & Moeller (this time, ungallantly, the lady's name coming second), for the business of selling foreign books. In Elmira, New York, there is a lady insurance-broker. At Winsted, Iowa, they have adopted the plan of having women make addresses to the Sunday-schools, believing that mothers and sisters know best how to interest children. The "mothers and sisters" cer-



tainly could not utter worse nonsense than is usually the staple of Sunday-school addresses. The Town Council of Edinburgh has openly come out in behalf of women, by petitioning Parliament in favor of a bill to remove their disabilities. These few instances are only examples of many hundred similar ones, all giving evidence of what is to come. Women have stormed and carried the medical colleges; they have intrenched themselves in Wall Street; they have captured numerous clerical positions; they preach to us; they lecture us; they are anxious to try and cure us of our ills of the flesh; they are forming into clubs; they are assailing us on all sides; and, having already advanced their parallels, it would look as if in due time they must carry the citadel itself. Whether they obtain the suffrage or not, it is clear that they are determined to enter the business and professional arenas, and contest with men for the honors and emoluments pertaining thereto.

— In a former number of the JOURNAL, the remark was made—a little rashly, we fear—that the world has not yet produced a female composer of music. A writer in a German paper at Chicago, Mr. Julius Fuchs, has controverted this statement, and sends us the following translation of his article:

"Besides the well-known compositions of Clara Schumann (among which especially Op. 17, trio in G minor; Op. 16, three preludes and fugues; Op. 7, concerto for piano and orchestra), Fanny Henselt, Wilhelmina Clauss, musical literature exhibits also compositions of less distinguished female composers. The compositions are not merely the result of eminent qualification, but evince also a most earnest study of composition. To these belong: 'Symphony in B Minor,' by Emily Mayer (published by Bote & Bock, Berlin); the overture of 'Götter von Berlichingen,' by Julia Schmidt; the opera 'Claudina,' by Countess Hochberg. In song, ladies have not carried the dilution—I. e., debasement—of feeling so far as Abt, Gumbert, Kuecken, Groben, Hoffmann, etc. On the contrary, the songs of Mrs. Puget have frequently been used, even by Germans, as themes for fantasies for the piano. Thekla Badarzewska, it is true, finds her rivals in the composers Oesten, Kletterer, Osborne, Woly, Talaxy, Meyer, Voss, Spindler, Krug, Kuhl, etc. These form almost the exclusive musical food of the great majority of those who play the piano, and do not only degrade the taste for music, but exert thereby a pernicious influence on the cultivation of the mind. It is worthy of note that only one woman, Badarzewska, can be placed opposite these 'manufacturers.' It may, perhaps, be a matter of interest to know that many Chicago ladies do not only compose, and carry on their study of musical composition in a most thorough manner, but are not even deterred from the study of the ancient modes, as Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, Æolian, and Ionian."

### Literary Notes.

THE announcement of a new novel from Disraeli has made a sensation in the literary world. It is twenty-three years since the publication of the last romance of this brilliant writer, during which time he has had a great career in politics, and has attained the highest position open to an English subject. "Lothair," his new novel, of which we have read the advance-sheets, is full of wit and genius, and treats in a most interesting manner all the political and social questions of the day. It is full of sharp reflections, and keen though good-natured satire. The London *Saturday Review*, of April 9th, in noticing its announcement, says: "One thing is certain. During the first weeks of May all England will be occupied in a single absorbing employment. It will be reading Mr. Disraeli's new novel. Messrs. Longman may find it desirable to guard their publishing-offices in Paternoster Row by a strong body of police. At Mudie's it will be necessary to form a queue, as at the doors of a French theatre. Lord Shaftesbury and his friends of Exeter Hall will do well to take counsel together as to the propriety of postponing the May Meetings. Managers of more profane entertainments will perhaps find that it is not worth while to keep the playhouses open. Members of both Houses, instead of reading public bills, will be reading Mr. Disraeli's novel a first and second time, and referring it to extemporized select committees of talk and criticism; possibly it may even reach a third reading, and receive the royal approval. If Mr. Disraeli had announced that, on Monday, the 2d of May, he would sing at the opera, dance a tight-rope at the Crystal Palace, or preach a sermon at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, popular surprise and curiosity would not be more strongly roused than they have been by the advertisement that on that day will be published 'Lothair.' By the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M. P. 3 vols., post 8vo." Another English paper states that Mr. Disraeli has been offered ten thousand pounds to allow "Lothair" to be published serially in a newspaper.

Among the English announcements of works in press we find the

following: "The Beginning of Life; including an Account of Present State of the 'Spontaneous-Generation' Controversy," by Dr. H. C. Bastian; "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection," by Mr. A. R. Wallace; "In Exitu Israel," by Mr. Baring-Gould; "The Morning Land," by Mr. Edward Dicey; a second series of "Cameos from English History," by the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe;" a "Life of John Wesley," by Miss Wedgwood; "The Speeches of Richard Cobden," edited by Professor Rogers, two volumes, octavo; "Observations on the Geology and Zoology of Abyssinia, made during the Progress of the British Expedition to that Country in 1867-'68," by Mr. W. J. Blanford, late geologist to the expedition; a "Life of Anthony Ashley Cooper, the first Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord-Chancellor," by Mr. W. D. Christie; "The Depths of the Sea: an Account of Investigations on board H. M. S. Lightning and Porpoise in the Years 1868-'69, under the Scientific Direction of W. B. Carpenter, M. D., F. R. S., George Jeffreys, F. R. S., and Wyville Thomson, LL. D., F. R. S.," edited by D. Wyville Thomson; "Evenings with the Sacred Poets," by Mr. F. Saunders, author of "Salad for the Social;" "Travels in the Air," by Mr. Glaisher; "A Pilgrimage to Mecca," by the late Sikander Begum of Bopal, translated from the original Arabic by Mrs. Willoughby Osborne, and illustrated by photographs. This work, remarkable in itself, possesses very great literary interest, having been written by an Indian queen. "Wild Races of the Southeastern Frontier of India," by Captain T. H. Lewin. The tribes here described are from the neighborhood of Chittagong, and no account of them has appeared. "The Chronicles of Budgepore; or, Mofussil Life in India," by Mr. Itudus T. Pritchard. These papers originally appeared in the *Delhi Gazette*, and were very popular in India.

"The First Book of Botany," by Eliza A. Youmans, differs from all other books of its class in carrying the learner direct to the plant itself. "It introduces," we quote from the preface, "the beginner to the study of botany in the only way it can properly be done—by the direct observation of vegetable forms. The pupil is told very little, and, from the beginning, throughout, he is sent to the plant to get his knowledge of the plant. The book is designed to help him in this work, never to supersede it. Instead of memorizing the statements of others, he brings reports of the living reality as he sees it; it is the things themselves that are to be examined, questioned, and understood. The true basis of a knowledge of botany is that familiarity with the actual character of plants, which can only be obtained by direct and habitual inspection of them. The beginner should begin, therefore, with the actual specimens, and learn to distinguish them as real characters which lie open to observation." This simple statement of the method pursued by Miss Youmans is in itself sufficient to establish the superior claims of her work to the attention of public educators. The system is not only valuable in itself as a proper method of pursuing the study of botany, but is likely to confer large and lasting advantages upon our methods of instruction, as a pioneer to a more scientific and systematic scheme of object-lessons than has yet obtained. This work both organizes and methodizes object-teaching, and this is the first time it has been done. D. Appleton & Co. are the publishers.

"La Creation" is the title of a new work by M. Edgar Quinet. "M. Quinet," says the *Saturday Review*, "is so accustomed to give the reins to his imagination that a scientific work written by him will, no doubt, be looked upon with some amount of suspicion by naturalists and physicists. His purpose in the present publication is to show the relations which natural science has with history, ethics, and literature; he aims at proving that a real solidarity exists between the various branches of human knowledge, and that, as the ideas expressed by Galileo and Newton were carried during the last century far beyond the limits of the circle within which they were originally confined, exactly the same method should now be applied to truths connected with zoology. M. Quinet's views of natural philosophy are always sufficiently imaginative, but the original part of his work consists in the parallelism which he endeavors to establish between the laws of Nature, such as he understands them, and the various problems of philology, literary criticism, etc. He says, for instance, that every species, before developing itself in the world, has a kind of forerunner, whose business it is to announce the coming family of animals, and to prepare the way for it. Thus the hippopotamus is the precursor of the horse, the amphicym of the dog, the dinotherium of the elephant."

The *Saturday Review* does not like "A Brave Lady," the last novel by the author of "John Halifax." It says: "It would be impossible within our limits to show the exceeding puerility of this book, or fully to expose the false and exaggerated tone of its morality. Small domestic troubles are made into tragedies; venial failings are treated as grave spiritual crimes; the whole thing is a mixture of unsubstantiality and of petty materiality by no means pleasing. . . . The whole atmosphere steams of the nursery—offensive and tiresome enough to women, we should say, who may be supposed to take a lively interest in the same; but to men, not so tenderly alive to the merits of babies and pap-boats,

the frequent allusion to confinements and miscarriages is simply odious." The London *Examiner*, on the other hand, says "A Brave Lady" is not the best of Miss Muloch's novels, but it is a very good novel. . . . a thoughtful and well-written book, showing a tender sympathy with human nature, and pervaded by a pure and noble spirit which cannot fail to make its due impression on the mind of the reader."

Questions of political economy supply matter for about half the books now published in France. How can strikes be put down, and on what basis the relations between employers and employed, between capital and labor, can be satisfactorily established, are among the questions most commonly discussed. We find, among recent French issues, works by M. Charles Robert and by M. Julien Le Rousseau bearing on these subjects, and a work, by M. Felix Rivet, dwelling more largely upon the whole range of political economy in its relation to the progress of mankind.

At a recent sale of early-printed books in London, seven hundred and thirty-five lots brought four thousand and twenty pounds, ten shillings, and sixpence. An exposition of the Lord's Prayer, printed by Caxton, was knocked down at ninety-eight pounds. A "Missale Romanum, by an Anglo-Saxon Scribe," realized two hundred and thirty pounds. The most remarkable lot comprised four 12mo. volumes, attributed to Wycliffe, and printed by Redman, 1532; they were sold for four hundred pounds.

Maxime Ducamps, whose papers on the prisons and prison-discipline of Paris attracted so much attention, has now published another work, treating, first, of the commissariat of the French capital, next of the labor-question in France, and concluding with an interesting account of the Mint and the Government Bank. The title of the work is "Paris, ses organes, ses fonctions, et sa vie."

The author of some six hundred volumes of political essays, novels, poetry, etc., the intimate friend of Balzac, Benjamin Constant, and Paul de Kock, died lately in a Paris hospital, and was followed to his pauper-grave by his daughter alone. His name was François Raban, and he was seventy-five years of age.

Lamartine's niece, Mdlle. Valentine de Cessiat, is collecting together all her illustrious uncle's letters, with a view to publishing a volume of his correspondence.

### Scientific Notes.

THE marvellous height of some of the Australian (and especially the Victorian) trees has become the subject of closer investigation since of late easier access has been afforded to the back gullies of the mountain-system. Some astounding data, supported by actual measurements, are now on record. The highest tree previously known was a karri eucalyptus, in one of the delightful glens of the Warren River, in Western Australia, where it rises to approximately four hundred feet high. Into the hollow trunk of this karri, three riders, with an additional pack-horse, could enter and turn in it without dismounting. Mr. D. Bogle measured a fallen tree in the deep recesses of Dandenong (Victoria), and obtained for it the length of four hundred and twenty feet, with proportionate width; while Mr. G. Klein took the measurement of a eucalyptus on the Black Spur, ten miles distant from Healesville, four hundred and eighty feet high. It is not at all likely that, in these isolated inquiries, chance has led to the really highest trees, which the most secluded and the least accessible spots may still conceal. It seems, however, almost beyond dispute that the trees of Australia rival in length, though evidently not in thickness, even the renowned forest-giants of California.

Professor H. H. Hildebrandson, of the University of Upsal, in Sweden, has prepared four synoptical meteorological maps, which contain several features of great scientific interest. It is generally known that a fall of the barometer is usually followed by an increase of heat, and *vice versa*. But in Sweden, from observations taken from Lapland to Upsal, the barometer and thermometer frequently show results quite contrary to the general experience of more southern latitudes; the barometer often falls considerably, while during the long winter-nights of this region the thermometer generally remains stationary, and when storms are prevalent invariably falls along with the barometer. Experience shows that in those regions an intimate relation exists, not only between the variations of the pressure of the atmosphere and those of the direction of the wind, but also between the movements of the barometer and thermometer during serious atmospheric perturbations. The dampness of the atmosphere being much greater in the southeast part of the territory visited by a violent storm than at the opposite extremity, it is easy to conceive that the atmospheres at those two points possess entirely different qualities, analogous, in some degree, to those of the equatorial and polar currents.

Dr. Milio, the celebrated surgeon of Kiev, has recently been at St. Petersburg explaining a means he has invented of illuminating the body by means of the electric light to such an extent that the working of the human machine may be observed, almost as if skin and flesh were transparent. The *Moscow Gazette* asserts that, to demonstrate the feasibility of his process, Dr. Milio placed a bullet inside his mouth, and then lighted up his face, upon which the bullet became distinctly visible through his cheek. Dr. Milio does not propose to lay bare all the secrets of the flesh, to explore the recesses of the heart, or to perform any miracles, physical or metaphysical. But he claims to have discovered a new and effective way of dealing with gunshot wounds. First, by means of electric illumination, he discovers the precise situation of the bullet; next, by means of magnetism, he proposes to extract the bullet—provided always that the bullet contains some portion of steel. Against leaden bullets his system is powerless, and he therefore intends to represent to the International Committee, which lately met at Geneva, the desirability of recommending an admixture of steel in the manufacture of all future bullets.

The French Government has voted the sum of eighty thousand dollars to the Practical School of Advanced Studies, destined to encourage the labors of chemists in public laboratories and private cabinets, carried on outside the public courses, but under the direction of the professors and their best pupils. Thirty-nine public laboratories and lecture-rooms have been constructed and organized under the direction of the ablest chemists of France. Another grant of one hundred thousand dollars has been made to the Council of Technical Teaching, composed of thirty-two members at the head of their profession, drawn from the Legislative Assembly, the university professors, the Imperial Conservatory of Arts and Trades, and the great industrial establishments of France, which will be devoted to the spread of technical knowledge among the masses, and in all likelihood be attended with the very best results.

According to M. Pouchet, the architecture of birds has changed with that of men. In former days, when its nest was built against Gothic edifices, the swallow made a semiglobular nest, with a very small rounded entrance; but in the new streets of Rouen its nests are now found of a semiovoid instead of semiglobular shape, and the entrance is a long transverse cleft.

Germany has lost her greatest political economist, Professor Ran, of Heidelberg. Every student of the science was acquainted with his "Lehrbuch." He was born in 1792, and became a professor at Heidelberg in 1822.

Professor Karl Neumann, the eminent Orientalist, died, the other day, at Berlin. His remains were carried back to Munich for burial.

### Miscellany.

#### Missing Ships.

THE mysterious disappearance in the Atlantic Ocean of the steamer City of Boston, with a large number of passengers on board, recalls to mind many similar cases in the annals of ocean-navigation. Two occurred in the eighteenth century, which attracted general attention. The first of these was the disappearance, in 1769, of the British frigate Aurora, bound for India, which, after touching at the Cape of Good Hope, was never again heard of. The poet Falconer, author of "The Shipwreck," was on board of her as purser. The other instance was that of La Perouse, the French navigator, who, after a long cruise of discovery in the Pacific Ocean with the frigates Astrolabe and Boussole, left Botany Bay, early in 1788, and was never heard of again; though, in 1828, traces of wrecks were found on the New Hebrides, which are now thought to have been those of the missing squadron. The disappearance of the President, in 1841, caused the most unparalleled excitement. Ocean-steamer were novelties in those days; for only a few years had elapsed since a well-known philosopher had pronounced it impossible to cross the Atlantic by the aid of steam alone. The President left New York early in January, and was despaired of in April. Tremendous weather had prevailed during the interval, and unusual quantities of ice had been seen in low latitudes. Among her passengers were Lord Fitzroy Lennox, son of the Duke of Richmond, and Tyrone Power, the celebrated Irish actor. In 1854 the screw-propeller City of Glasgow left Liverpool, for Philadelphia, on the 1st of March, with four hundred and eighty persons on board in all. She has never since been heard of, and no fragments which could be identified have been discovered. In 1856 the Collins steamer Pacific left Liverpool on the 23d of January, with one hundred and eighty-six persons on board, among whom were Messrs. Eliot Warburton, and Catherwood the artist. Nothing has since been heard of her, and she is supposed to have struck on an iceberg. In 1862 the steamer Life-guard, which left Newcastle on the 20th of Decem-

ber, disappeared, and is supposed to have foundered off Flamborough Head. These are the only cases within our knowledge where a large steamship has disappeared totally without leaving behind a trace of her existence; but, as an example of the manner in which such terrible calamities may occur, we may cite the case of the *Lefort*, a Russian vessel-of-war of eighty-four guns, which, in the year 1857, heeled over and went down bodily in the gulf of Cronstadt, within sight of three of her consorts. The whole ship's company, amounting to eight hundred and thirty-six persons, were drowned. No human tongue survived to tell how the Hungarian, a Canadian steamer, was wrecked. She was discovered, in 1859, on the rocks near Cape Sable, Nova Scotia, and, though two hundred persons had been on board, only three bodies were found, while the mail-bags were reduced to pulp. The Prussian corvette *Amazon* may doubtless be enrolled in the list of missing ships. In 1861 she disappeared from the ocean, and some arm-racks, containing swords and guns, marked "F. W." (Frederick William), found on the sands off the Helder, are the only proofs of her wreckage.

#### The English Colony of Victoria.

What with pearl-fishing in the west, and diamond-mining in the east, not to mention gold-digging in all directions, Australia seems to be a peculiarly-favored country. According to the last accounts, two hundred and twenty-five diamonds were discovered during four weeks of the month of January, making a total of nine hundred and eighty-four stones already sent to England from Victoria alone. One party of diamond-seekers before Christmas had washed twelve loads of soil, and obtained from it one hundred and ten diamonds, weighing three and a half pennyweights, nine of them weighing one carat. This party estimated their earnings, from the time they commenced working, at twelve pounds a week. From Sydney two thousand diamonds are certified to have been found by English diggers, while the numbers discovered by the Chinese cannot be ascertained. With a population of only seven hundred thousand, Victoria covers an area nearly as large as the whole of Great Britain. The climate resembles that of Southern Europe. Frosts are of rare occurrence, and snow never falls except upon the table-lands and mountains. Of the fifty-five million acres comprised within the colony, forty-nine million are still undisposed of; and under the new land act any person can select three hundred and twenty acres of this land, in any part of the colony, under extremely easy conditions. In addition to affording excellent pasturage, the country produces wheat, barley, oats, hops, tobacco, and the usual root-crops. The vineyards in many districts produce wines resembling all the European varieties, and the demand for these wines, as well as for home-brewed beer, already exceeds the supply. According to the last census, twenty-five per cent. of the population was engaged in mining, ten per cent. in agriculture, ten per cent. as artisans and mechanics, ten per cent. in trade, three per cent. as laborers, and ten per cent. was receiving instruction. The Colonial Government already spends one hundred and thirty thousand pounds per annum on education. There is no township or village of any importance without its school-house, and, according to the latest return, there were eight hundred and thirty-four schools in operation, and one hundred and nineteen thousand six hundred and forty-five children in attendance. One person in every thirty-five of the population is a depositor in the savings-banks, and the aggregate amount of such deposits exceeds seven hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds. At the same time the revenues of the three hundred-and-odd friendly societies amount to eighty thousand pounds. In the colony are one hundred and thirty-six flour and grain mills, one hundred and seven breweries, and two hundred and twenty-two brick-yards; while nine hundred manufactories give employment to fourteen thousand hands. For skilled artisans, wages vary from eight to ten shillings per diem, the working-day consisting of eight hours. Working miners are paid fifty shillings a week, and day-laborers receive six shillings a day. Farm laborers earn from ten to forty shillings per week, besides their board. Domestic servants obtain from twenty to forty pounds per annum. Meat is from three halfpence to fourpence per pound; bread, six to seven pence the four-pound loaf; butter, thirteen to fifteen pence per pound; cheese, eight to ten pence per pound; milk, sixpence a quart; groceries and clothing much the same prices as in England.

#### Paul Jones.

A recent number of *All the Year Round*, in a sketch entitled "Paul Jones righted," says: "Our old conception of Paul Jones as a bearded ruffian, with a pistol in each hand, and four more in his belt, striking an attitude on a flaming quarter-deck, must, we fear, be thrown into the dust-heap, to which so many other historical bogies are daily being consigned. By recent American writers, Paul Jones, whom we English have long since branded as a mere mischievous pirate, ranks as a great and successful naval commander, patriot, and hero, a Bayard indeed, without fear and without reproach. The interesting letters and documents on this subject, collected some years ago by Col. Sherburne, then registrar of the Navy Department in Washington, go far to prove that

Paul Jones was a much more honest, a much more intellectual, and a much more important person, than we have hitherto given him credit for being." This estimate of Paul Jones is not new to Americans, and the long account of Jones's exploits which the article contains we are all familiar with; possibly not so, however, with the following amusing incident: "About this time Paul Jones went round to the Firth of Forth, and suddenly made his appearance off the 'lang town of Kirkcaldy,' to the horror of the Fifeshire people, who looked upon him as a devouring sea-monster. While the people crowded the shore, watching the dreaded vessel, an eccentric old Presbyterian minister came pushing through the crowd, carrying an old arm-chair, which he jammed down close to low-water mark, the tide coming in, and commenced a prayer for a change of wind. 'Dinna send, O Lord,' he said, 'this vile pirate to strip the puir folk o' Kirkcaldy, for ye ken they are a' puir enough an' hae naething to spare. The puir women are maist frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns are shrieking after them. He'll be here in a jiffy, and wha kens what he'll do! He'll burn their houses, tak awa their duds, even to their very sarks, and wha kens but the bluidy villain might tak their lives? I canna tholl; I canna tholl. I haeb been lang a faithfu' servant to ye, O Lord, but gin ye wanna turn the wind aboot, and blaw this scoondrel out o' our gate, I'll nae star a fut, but will joost sit here until the tide comes in and drooms me! Sae tak yer wull of it.' Luckily for the worthy minister, the wind changed, and Paul Jones disappeared from the Fifeshire coast."

#### The First of May.

The following lively poem, descriptive of moving-day in New York, was written, about 1825, by Robert S. Coffin, "The Boston Bard," as he called himself:

"First of May, clear the way!  
Baskets, barrows, trundles;  
Take good care, mind the ware!  
Betty, where's the bundles?  
Pots and kettles, broken victuals,  
Feather beds, plaster heads,  
Looking-glasses, torn mattresses,  
Spoons and ladies' babies' cradles,  
Cups and saucers, salts and casters,  
Hurry, scurry—grave and gay,  
All must trudge the first of May.  
"Now we start, mind the cart!  
Shovels, bedclothes, bedding;  
On we go, soft and slow,  
Like a beggar's wedding!  
Jointed stools, domestic tools,  
Chairs unbacked, tables cracked,  
Gridiron black, spit and jack,  
Trammels, hooks, musty books,  
Old potatoes, ventilators,  
Hurry, scurry—grave or gay,  
On we trudge the first of May.  
"Now we've got to the spot,  
Bellows, bureau, settee;  
Rope untie, mind your eye,  
Pray be careful, Betty!  
Lord! what's there? Broken ware;  
Decanters dashed, china smashed;  
Pickles spoiled, carpets soiled,  
Sideboard scratched, cups unmatched.  
Empty casks, broken flasks!  
Hurry, scurry—grave or gay,  
Devil take the first of May!"

#### A New Danger.

It is really terrible to find out every day some new danger to which we are exposed. If there is one thing which people have hitherto confided in, it is a pill-box; it is allowed to lie about anywhere, it is shut up in a drawer or a cupboard, or is carried in the pocket. A general panic will therefore be caused in many a household by the account given in the *Pharmaceutical Journal* of what recently befell a lady for whom a doctor had prescribed twenty-four pills, each containing two grains of the oxide of silver, a twenty-fourth of a grain of muriate of morphia, and "a sufficiency" of extract of gentian, the pills being coated with silver in the usual manner. The pills, it is stated, were delivered to the patient in an ordinary pill-box; but the lady, being in her nursery, and having no pocket in her dress, placed the box in her bosom, probably next the skin. Little did this unfortunate lady know the deadly peril which awaited her. In three-quarters of an hour a severe explosion occurred; her under-clothes were reduced to a tinder, she was seriously burned, and, but that she had the presence of mind to extinguish the flame with her hands, would probably have been destroyed. Oxide of



silver, being reduced by contact with vegetable extracts, is, it seems, in the habit of exploding. It is really as well people should be made aware of the danger they run, in order that they may have magazines for pill-boxes attached to their dwellings. We should also be glad to know if pills of this nature are liable to explode after they are swallowed. No information is given on this point, which is of some little importance; but the *Lancet*, for our consolation, under the head of "Things not Generally Known," says that a similar occurrence has been known in compounding the extract of colocynth with the oxide of silver, and that with creosote or oil of cloves this salt is reduced to the metallic state with the production of heat, amounting often to an explosion. In fact, there are some pills which are nothing more nor less than infernal machines, and people with volcanic temperaments and undermined constitutions, for whom they are prescribed, should be careful to take them in secluded spots, where no one but themselves can be injured in the event of the explosion.

#### Cost of European Armies.

In time of peace the yearly cost of a soldier is, in

Great Britain.....	\$2,952
Russia.....	1,506
France.....	1,387
Prussia.....	1,107
Sweden.....	284
Switzerland.....	123

The army is organized and maintained in view of an eventual war. Supposing that war break out once in twenty years, the army must be kept all that time on a war-footing, before it has the opportunity of rendering the service to which it is destined. During these twenty years—

Great Britain will have spent.....	\$1,467,000,000
Russia.....	1,864,000,000
France.....	1,664,000,000
Prussia.....	996,000,000
Sweden.....	54,000,000
Switzerland.....	26,000,000

This enormous waste of the vital resources of Europe, in the face of wide-spread distress and hopeless misery, is something worse than madness. The most valuable portion of the population on the Continent is forcibly withdrawn from paths of usefulness, and hangs a heavy burden upon the overtaxed community of laborers. If the best years of the best lives thus miserably squandered added to the national security of the different countries, there might be some degree of consolation. But the reverse is the fact. The armies of one nation are pitted in jealousy and enmity against those of another, so that, instead of being a protection, they are a standing menace to the continuation of peace. In presence of the uncertainty they occasion, enterprise and industry are paralyzed, while capital seeks safer fields and outlets for its operations. Those enormous sums, if devoted to the education and enlightenment of the masses, and to the creation of works of public utility, would within a generation change the aspect of society; if left to accumulate in the pockets of the people, pauperism and misery would rapidly disappear, and become memories of the past.

#### Galton's Hereditary Genius.

Mr. Galton traces the long-continued darkness of the middle ages, and our present low intellectual and moral status, to the practice of celibacy and to religious persecution. Whenever men and women were possessed of gentle natures, that fitted them for deeds of charity, for literature, or for art, the social condition of the times was such that they had no refuge but in the bosom of the Church; and the Church exacted celibacy. Those gentle natures left no offspring; and thus was the race of our forefathers morally deteriorated. The Church acted as if she had aimed at selecting the rudest portion of the community for the parents of future generations; and the rules as to fellowships at the English universities are a relic of this barbarous custom, being bribes to men of exceptional ability not to marry. Religious persecution acted in the same way. The most fearless, truth-seeking, and intelligent were, year by year, incarcerated in dungeons or burned at the stake—so that, by this twofold selection, human nature was brutalized and demoralized, and we still feel its hateful effects in the long-continued antagonism to the essential requirements of an advancing civilization.

#### Eruptions of Ætna.

The *Philosophical Transactions* for 1669 gives a chronological account of the eruptions of Ætna, known to have taken place down to that date. The list begins with that eruption which so terrified Æneas that he left Sicily, and of which we have a description in the Æneid of Virgil. Next there is the one mentioned by Thucydides as taking place about 476 B. C. Another is recorded fifty years later. During the time of the Roman consuls there were four. The next was in the time of Julius Cæsar, which,

according to Diodorus, was so fierce that the sea about Lipara, by its fervent heat, actually burnt the ships and killed all the fish. Another we read of in the reign of Caligula, about 40 A. D. About the time of the martyrdom of Saint Agatha, there was a very violent eruption—third century. The next we read of is in 812 A. D. They then become more frequent, or rather, we may say, are more frequently recorded. Thus we note one lasting from 1160-1169; another in 1284; from 1329-1333; 1408; 1414-1447; 1536; 1633; 1650; and, lastly, in 1669. About this last date the inhabitants of Sicily, digging for pumice-stones, came upon marble-paved streets and other remains of an overwhelmed city, at a depth of about sixty-eight feet.

#### The University of Heidelberg.

The number of students inscribed this year on the books of the university is 612, composed of—

Students of Theology.....	54
“ Law.....	300
“ Medicine.....	88
“ Philosophy.....	175
	612

The students so subdivided are of the following nationalities:

Badenese.....	190
Bavarians (in general from the Rhenish Province).....	32
Hessians.....	20
Wurtembergers.....	4
Prussians.....	128
Mecklenburgers.....	16
From the other small states of the North-German Confederation.....	41
Swiss.....	50
Austrians and Hungarians.....	34
Americans (from the United States).....	29
Russians.....	25
English and Scotch.....	11
French.....	6
From Italy, Greece, Turkey, Sweden, Denmark, Servia, Roumania, Chili, and even Japan.....	26
	612

The reputation of this famous university is nobly sustained by the celebrated Professors Bluntschli, Helmholtz, Kirchhoff, Bunsen, Friedreich, and Chelius.

#### The Kola-nut.

The kola-nuts form an important article of commerce in the markets of Western Africa. They have an agreeable bitterish and astringent taste, and a recent English traveller thus describes their singular and valuable qualities: "They have the effect of preventing hunger, strengthening the stomach, and enlivening the mind. A man can perform a day's journey upon a single kola-nut, and if eaten at night they prevent sleep. I have long wished to introduce them to the notice of literary men and those who have much mental work. I can testify myself to their restorative properties when fatigued by mental application and oppressed by the heat of the climate. The way for Europeans to use them is this: Take half a kola or a whole one, well masticate, swallow the juice, eject the residue, then drink cold water; and 'the bitter water shall become sweet,' for a peculiar and pleasant flavor is imparted to it." The tree furnishing the nuts is also cultivated in the West Indies and in Brazil.

#### The Corinth Canal.

A contract for cutting through the Isthmus of Corinth was signed on the 9th of February last, at Athens, between the king's minister and M. Piat for M. Maxime Chaillet. The contractors bind themselves over to begin operations within eighteen months, and to finish the canal in the space of six years; the depth of which is to be twenty-four and a half feet. The Greek Government has granted to the contractors all the land necessary for the formation of the canal, besides twelve thousand five hundred acres of land on each side of its banks. They have likewise secured the privilege of working all mines, quarries, and forests, belonging to the state, situated within a zone of twenty miles on each side of the canal.

#### Railroad Statistics.

A train formed of all the locomotives and railway-carriages of European companies would begin at Paris and end in St. Petersburg. It would contain 400,000 travellers, and might be followed by 400,000 goods-wagons. European railways cross over 62,000 bridges, large and small. In manufacturing the rails, no less than 73,250 tons of iron were used. The annual consumption of coal to fire the 18,000 locomotives amounts to 391,000 tons. The extent of the railway-system throughout Europe exceeds in length 137,000 miles.

## Varieties.

**DIANORA FRESCOBALDI**, an Italian lady of the sixteenth century, was the mother of fifty-two children. The inscription on her famous portrait by Bronzino in the San Donato collection, says that she never had less than three children at a birth, and there is a tradition in the Frescobaldi family that she once had six! Brand, in his "History of Newcastle," mentions, as a well-attested fact, that a weaver in Scotland had, by one wife, sixty-two children, all of whom lived to be baptized; and in Aberconway Church may still be seen a monument to the memory of Nicholas Hooker, who was himself a forty-first child, and the father of twenty-seven children by one wife.

A ludicrous story of an abortive duel appears in the *Paris Gazette des Tribunaux*. Two boys, aged respectively eleven and fourteen, met upon the field of honor, when the affair was summarily decided, before an exchange of shots, by a kick administered to each by a gamekeeper. The duellists had quarrelled at play, and to decide their differences had stolen a pair of pistols, bought a cracker from which they emptied the gunpowder, and melted a brace of bullets in moulds of nutshell from metal obtained from a pewter spoon. The president of the police-court said that the keeper had done quite right in treating them as young vagabonds, and as they were not known to the police he handed them to their parents.

The Hospital of the Templars, in Jerusalem, which, ever since the last defeat of the Crusaders by the Moslems, has been defiled as a tanner's yard, was, on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Prussia, given to him by the sultan; and it is said to be the intention of the Prussian authorities to restore the building to its original style. The outer entrance-gate and much of the basement of the enclosed edifice itself remain, and are superior examples of the architecture as practised by the Crusaders.

A young married couple in a Wisconsin town lately began house-keeping, and the first purchases of the head of the family at the village grocery were: Five cents' worth of soda, five cents' worth of salt, two cents' worth of pepper, one cent's worth of chewing-gun, and twelve cents' worth of soap. The bill amounted to twenty-five cents, which was paid by the young Benedict in specie, and, as he left the store, he remarked to the clerk that "keeping house is cheaper than boarding."

Of Wordsworth's "We are Seven," a critic writes: "The main idea seems to be: A lament in an elegiac strain over the loss of the special vividness of youthful sympathy with the objective universe, followed by a noble after-thought of reconciliation with the lot of the maturing man through the deep philosophic consciousness that has supplanted the spontaneous order of childhood." One is struck by this when reading the poem.

Londoners are astounded by the discovery that much of their butter is made from the mud of the Thames. A small proprietor on the bank of that noble river was recently thunderstruck by the apparent extravagance of an offer for his wharf, and on investigation learned that it was wanted as a site for a butter factory. The Thames mud yields, after some chemical treatment, a pure white fat, lacking both taste and smell, and, after some manipulation, it is made into a very popular article of food.

The War Department has ordered the discontinuance of the use of purple and other colored inks in writing official papers. Purple ink, which is very generally used by the public, is reported to be liable to fade into illegibility in a few years, and in several of the Government offices in Washington where the clerks used this ink, it has been deemed advisable to order all books and papers on which it was used to be re-copied.

The *Evangelist* tells of an impressive sermon on the duty of "largeness of beneficence." Among those in the congregation most deeply moved was a lady of some wealth. This lady remarked to another, as they were leaving the church: "What a powerful sermon! I was never before so impressed with the duty and privilege of giving largely and freely. I felt mortified and ashamed that I had given so little. I am determined to do better, and to send, this very week, another new silk dress to my daughter!"

This is the way that Emerson makes his books: Every metaphor that occurs to the Concord sage is put into his commonplace-book. Once in a while it occurs to him that he must have material for a winter-lecture. Then he looks over his commonplace-book and finds, perhaps, twenty pages, here and there, on separate sheets, on "Beauty." After having collated these pages, he reads them before a lyceum, and those passages which are applauded he forms into an essay, which he sends to his publishers.

In one of Mr. Lincoln's first cases he appeared to defend a man accused of murder. Circumstantial evidence told strongly against the prisoner, but, having suddenly and unexpectedly received succor, Mr.

Lincoln arose and said that, as the case stood, he could not look for any thing but a verdict against his client, but he asked permission to put a new and very material witness upon the stand. He then called his witness, who proved to be the "murdered" man.

An American lady, who was presented at the French court last month, says, in a published letter, that the empress is exceedingly graceful, but not beautiful, and that the emperor is "horrid." "I am a revolutionist since seeing him. He had on red pantaloons, much too big for him, and is altogether a very vulgar-looking man. In his hand he carried an immense cocked hat. He is short and very fat, with a greenish complexion and glassy eyes."

It is said that when the Greek Archbishop of Syros and Tenos attended the other day in the senate-house of the University of Cambridge, England, for the purpose of receiving his honorary degree of LL. D., he dropped his pocket-handkerchief, and, on stooping down to recover it, one of the graduates in the gallery exclaimed, "Hurrah for the Grecian bend!" The effect was, of course, so intensely ludicrous, that the whole assemblage was convulsed with laughter.

The mortality of Paris during the last week of February was unusually high. *Les Mondes* gives an abstract of the returns, and compares them with those of London. In Paris fourteen people died of small-pox for one in London, but fifty-eight die of scarlatina in London for one in Paris. Pneumonia kills three in Paris for one in London, in spite of the fog.

An Edinburgh paper says that in these days of revival-services, it is to be expected that a variety of motives will operate in gathering audiences, but surely few would ever dream that the following—given as a literal fact—would find a place among them: "Were you at the meeting last night, Nelly?" "Ay, I hadna muckle to do, an' I thoct I might as weel gang, as it would save the candle!"

We have lately been looking over a collection of English sermons nearly three hundred years old, and we find that the long-winded Puritan preachers in some instances used the same text as often as twenty times. A chaplain of Cromwell's army preached eight hours upon the word "pomegranate," taken from the description of the priestly robes of Israel, and then announced that he would postpone the remainder to the next day.

The French correspondent of one of the German papers announces that a new era has dawned upon France. This *rigime* is inaugurated by Mme. Ollivier, who has taken to wear high evening dresses, and has caused it to be understood that those who frequent her *salon* are expected to follow her example. In spite of a strong opposition, the movement is successful.

While Richard Cobden was in the United States, he visited an Illinois farmer who owned twenty thousand acres, who told the eminent English statesman, while entertaining him with some fine peach-brandy, that he had laid away two hundred barrels of it for his old age. "Certainly," as the great advocate of free trade remarked, "a most extraordinary provision for his declining years."

A little girl in a Western town, after studying for some time a picture of the Magdalen reclining on her face and weeping, suddenly turned to her mother and exclaimed: "Mamma, I know why Mrs. Magdalen is crying. It is because Mr. Magdalen does not buy her clothes enough."

"You are an excellent packer," said Theodore Hook to a waiter. "How so, sir?" replied the other. "Why," responded the wit, "you have contrived to pack a quart-bottle of wine into a pint-decanter!"

The *Freeman's Journal* complains that the wealthier and more intelligent Catholics have lost their faith in purgatory, and are not at all liberal in purchasing masses to liberate the souls of their friends.

It has been decided in Prussia, after a trial for a year and a half, and the eating of two hundred and fifty horses, that horse-meat is wholesome. It sells for about half the price of beef and mutton.

The number of workingwomen in Paris is computed at three hundred thousand. Thirty cents a day is the average pay they receive.

Mr. Charles Dickens is a wonderful man, considering how much gold he has extracted from a *Copperfield*.

What should a clergyman preach about? About fifteen minutes.

If you want to become a real-estate agent, marry a rich wife.

## The Museum.

MANY birds construct for their nests a sort of canvas, composed of plants interwoven in a very close manner, resembling a coarse fabric coming from the loom of some primitive people. These are true weavers, working vegetable fibres into the appearance of linen or cotton, and having no tool but their beak, which they use with great quick-

ness to interlace the fine threads of the grasses, and to form from them a sort of membrane, difficult to tear. These winged workers construct different kinds of dwellings. Some resemble purses, having in the interior small baskets fastened to their sides, and in which the female places her brood. Then often the entrance to the nest, like that of several other species of birds, is situated in the lower part, which represents a sort of yawning canal. Others are simply long and large bags, with one or more openings, which the aerial artisans suspend from the branches of trees. On this account they have been designated under the name of "Weavers," a tribe of sparrows which are remarkable for the perfection of their products; but other birds imitate their industry, though belonging to different families.



Nest of the Black-headed Synalaxis.

Certain weavers, the least skilful, content themselves with coarsely interlacing some plants, and thus to form a kind of little cup, in which the female keeps herself deeply buried. It is there that she attentively sits upon her eggs, watching all that takes place around her. The *Fondia erythrogastra* constructs one of these nests with an imperfect tissue.

The black-headed *Synalaxis*, an inhabitant of tropical South America, is a much more skilful workman, a weaver of the first order, if not for the finish of his constructions, at least for their solidity. He builds his nest with plants, interlacing them in a close and inextricable manner; it has a globular form, and only presents a narrow entrance on one of its sides, scarcely large enough to allow the bird to pass through.

## CONTENTS OF NO. 59, MAY 14, 1870.

	PAGE		PAGE
"THE PARDON." (Illustration.) From a Painting by L. Perrault.	533	THE POOR DIPLOMATISTS.....	550
THE LADY OF THE ICE: Chapters XX. to XXII. (Illustrated.) By James De Mille, author of "The Dodge Club Abroad," "Cord and Creese," etc.	534	GLEANINGS.....	551
THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS: Chapters LI. and LII. A Novel. By the Author of "The Bachelor of the Albany."	539	ANTHONY TROLLOPE. (With Portrait.) By George M. Towle....	551
A MODERN GREEK HERO.....	542	A NEW ROUTE FOR TOURISTS. By Professor James Orton.....	553
A GERMAN WATERING-PLACE. By Mrs. Gould.....	544	TABLE-TALK.....	554
SCENES IN YEDDO. (Illustrated.).....	545	LITERARY NOTES.....	555
THE PASSION-PLAY IN THE HIGHLANDS OF BAVARIA.....	548	SCIENTIFIC NOTES.....	556
APART. By Paul H. Hayne.....	550	MISCELLANY.....	556
		VARIETIES.....	559
		THE MUSEUM. (Illustrated.).....	559
		SUPPLEMENT.....	"Ralph the Heir."

WILL BE PUBLISHED EARLY IN MAY.

## LOTHAIR.

A NOVEL.

By the Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI,  
LATE PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

"Nōsse hæc omnia salus est adolescentulis."—TERENTIUS.

After a silence of twenty-three years (his last work, "Tancred," was published in 1847), this eminent English Novelist reappears with a work in his best style. "Lothair" has all the brilliant wit, the keen and sparkling satire, and the refined grace, of the most popular of its predecessors. It deals with current topics of the deepest interest—with Fenianism, Ritualism, the Catholic Question, the intrigues of the Jesuits, etc., etc.

In cloth, 12mo, price \$2.00; and in octavo, paper covers,  
price \$1.00.

\*.\* Mailed, post-free, on receipt of price.

D. APPLETON &amp; CO., Publishers.

## NOTICE.

"RALPH THE HEIR," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, is now publishing in APPLETONS' JOURNAL. It appears in *Supplements*, once a month, the first issued being with Number FORTY-THREE.

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," by CHARLES DICKENS, is also now publishing in this JOURNAL, each monthly part, as published in England, issued with one number of the JOURNAL complete. Part First appeared with Journal No. 56.

"THE THREE BROTHERS," so far as printed in the JOURNAL up to Jan. 1st, has been published in pamphlet-form, and will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of thirty cents.

"THE LADY OF THE ICE," by JAMES DE MILLE, was commenced in Number Fifty-three of the JOURNAL, and will be completed in thirteen numbers.